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Editors

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The Shape of Things

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IN THE MIDST OF CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN AND the ominous rumbles of a general European conflict arising out of it, the amenities of the national campaign go on. Colonel Knox delivered his acceptance speech amidst a fanfare and splendor that no vice-presidential candidate has ever been accorded but while the setting was elaborate the phrases "free enterprise," "regimentation," and "honest government" were slightly frayed. All that the Colonel contributed to the gaiety of the campaign was a soldierly demeanor and military gestures that just escaped being comic. The new experiment of the Democrats in having six governors answer Mr. Landon was no great success: the implication that it took six Democrats to add up to Mr. Landon's stature was unfortunate strategy. But the radio speech of Secretary Ickes more than retrieved the lost ground. It was shrewd, acid, and devastating without once being pitched to the usual campaign tone of a steam calliope. There is no one in the country who is a more authentic "practical progressive" than Mr. Ickes and no one better than he could have been chosen to answer the Landon claim to the same designation. Both men were part of T. R.'s Bull Moose following in 1912; both have been associated with oil, one as an independent operator and the other as a national administrator. Secretary Ickes's revelation of how Governor Landon in 1933 called for a national dictatorship over oil should prove embarrassing to the Republicans in their attempts to dub Mr. Roosevelt a tyrant. It has become increasingly clear that Landon's strategy is to pose as a progressive while allaying all fears that he will do anything to control business. In one respect the Landon speech was completely successful. The Governor made it clear that big business had nothing to fear from him. From now on there should be an unremitting flow of campaign funds into the Republican treasury.

*

IN LABOR UNIONS, AS IN NATIONS, THE reactionary puts up the narrow and technical bars of constitutionalism to hold back the onrushing forces of progress. In the long run constitutionalism is unavailing; at given moments it is an excellent device for confusing and obscuring the real issues. John P. Frey, arch craft-unionist, has been busy proving to the executive council of the American Federation of Labor that the Committee for Industrial Organization (C. I. O.) is a dual body. It is quite possible that Mr. Frey can make a perfect technical

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case for the theory that John L. Lewis and the C. I. O. are acting unconstitutionally by attempting to get more workers into the labor movement, just as lawyers have been able to prove that an elected Congress is acting unconstitutionally when it attempts to preserve democracy by restraining big business. It is very likely that the executive council, dominated by craft unionists, will find for Mr. Frey in the "trial" of the C. I. O. and suspend its component unions. This procedure is in fact the only way in which the craft-union crowd can save its skin. But their victory, like their argument, will be technical. They will have saved merely the craft-union shell of a labor movement whose living body has already moved into the industrial phase of its development.

*

NOTES ON THE OLYMPIC GAMES: THE *Stürmer*, allegedly suppressed anti-Semitic scandal sheet in Germany, has just come out with a special Olympics edition. It contains a picture of a noble-looking German crowned with the Olympic laurels and a brutal, degenerate fellow labelled "Jew" looking on with envy. . . . The *New Yorker* for August 1 depicts the converse on its cover: Blond, blue-eyed Nordics strain furiously toward the finish-line tape which a joyful little Jew has just burst through. . . . Reports from ticket and travel agencies indicate that the sale of tickets to the games has been most disappointing, particularly in the United States where the most tickets, it was hoped, would be sold. . . . Helene Mayer, champion woman fencer, was urged to go to Germany as the final proof that Hitler's Olympics were not really anti-Semitic. But when the question of publicity for athletes came up, Propaganda Minister Goebbels ruled that, in effect, no publicity be given to Miss Mayer's presence on the German team beyond the mere mention of her name. A German sports writer adds that her name has been mentioned only once—when the complete list of the German team was printed. . . . Dr. Joseph Goebbels, who made a speech of welcome to the journalists assembled to report the games, announced several times that they were not to be used for propaganda purposes.

*

AS WE GO TO PRESS TWO BLACK-SKINNED Americans have sent Hitler scurrying under his own Olympic propagrandstand. It was obviously not on the official pogrom (*stet*) of the Eleventh Modern Olympic Games that athletes with dark skins should win any prizes. And when two American Negroes placed first and second in the 100-meter dash Hitler couldn't take it. Rather than shake hands with Jesse Owens and Ralph Metcalfe, who are the world's fastest runners, the great leader of Berlin was forced to congratulate two white German champion hammer-throwers in his private headquarters under the stadium. Thus is the sportsmanship of *der schoene adolf* set down, so to speak, in black and white so that those who run, leap, and throw may read. We hope we shall not be accused of race preference if we express the wish that every Olympic event could be won by a Negro. It would at least keep Hitler out of the public view.

THREE RECENT COMMUNICATIONS ABOUT the American Legion seem worth a little editorial attention. The first is from a correspondent who is not a member of the Legion, inclosing the report from the Minnesota *Legionaire* of a speech made before the national convention of the American Education Association by Frank Miles of Iowa, representing National Commander Ray Murphy. Mr. Miles was reported as having come out against compulsory oaths of loyalty for teachers, and also as having declared that the Legion's unalterable opposition to communism did not blind it to the fact that "fascism, nazism, peace-at-any-price pacifism . . . and certain elements of capitalism are operating just as devastatingly as communism." We are glad to see the Legion defending teachers against the super-patriots, and we are also pleased to learn that it is aware, at least officially, of the menace of reactionary movements. Our second letter is from a member of the Legion, complaining that we misrepresented it in commenting on the annual report of the Civil Liberties Union, in our issue of July 18. We said, "The American Legion continued to lead among those agencies engaged in attacking the Bill of Rights." The report said, "Of the forces most active in attacking civil rights the American Legion led the field." And this brings us to the third letter, which comes from the Chicago Civil Liberties Committee and incloses a statement of a case it is fighting in the Indiana courts. The case is that of a solicitor of subscriptions to the *Literary Digest* who was "framed" and railroaded to a five-year prison sentence under Indiana's criminal syndicalism law by a group of legionaires. Mr. Miles might also have informed the educators that the misguided zeal of irresponsible legionaires is one of the chief dangers to "Americanism"—if by that slogan the Legion means democracy.

*

NINE TIMES NOW THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF Deputies has passed a woman's suffrage bill, and eight times the Senate has killed it. The argument one hears, abroad at least, against suffrage for French women has always been the stock argument wherever women have demanded the vote—that they don't need it because they already have so much "influence." The French Senate, which is expected to block the measure again, evidently reasons, with true French realism, that influence can be conveniently disregarded where ballots cannot. Two points are worthy of note about the latest suffrage bill in the Chamber: first, that it passed by a vote of 488 to 1, and second, that it was introduced by the nationalist leader, Louis Marin. The dispatch to the New York *Times* reporting the vote added that the parties of the left, which have always been the leading advocates of woman's suffrage, are beginning to be doubtful whether the women's vote might not increase the strength of the right. M. Marin evidently thinks it would. He no doubt remembers that the first Spanish election after women were granted the vote resulted in a rightist victory. But if Spain is to be taken as the criterion, the right can count on *one* victory after women get the vote. And one victory at the polls does not win a war—or a revolution. In Spain the last election

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was won by the left; and Spanish women are now fighting beside men in the army of the People's Front. French women have never had the vote, but they have a good, militant revolutionary history. The real danger to the left in France lies in the weakness of its leaders, and not in votes for French women.

*

THE MILITARISTS HAVE JUST HAD A CIVIL setback in Southern Illinois. A few weeks ago it looked as if Carbondale would be the first community in that state outside Chicago to have military training in its high school. The school board, without sounding out townspeople and motivated by the desire to get something for nothing, voted four to one to authorize the War Department to establish an R.O.T.C. unit in the community high school. Opposition arose immediately among parents, church people, and the faculty (including the new president, Roscoe Pulliam) of the Southern Illinois State Normal University, situated in Carbondale. But the local daily newspaper is published by a reserve officer, the promoter of the military course, and the opposition was shut off from getting its case into print. Meanwhile, indorsing resolutions were railroaded through the American Legion, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Lions' Club. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* found out about the suppression, printed the facts and then followed developments as the opposition grew stronger. Moreover it carried several editorials supporting the protesting ministers, parents, and teachers, and pointing out among other things that the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association was on record against military training and that St. Louis had steadfastly rejected proposals to establish R.O.T.C. units in its high schools. This awakened Carbondale to the seriousness of the issue. Not wishing to shoulder the responsibility, the school board agreed to a referendum. The militarists campaigned for about ten days and made every effort to get out the vote at the election, yet the opposition carried the day by 442 to 347. What happened at Carbondale is ample proof that it is not necessary to let the militarists have their dangerous way.

*

OUR UNDERCOVER AGENT AMONG THE seven-year-olds informs us that Shirley Temple in her latest picture turns down spinach. By youthful extremists this is being hailed with joy as the heaviest blow so far struck at what they regard as the Green Terror. To more thoughtful and experienced observers in the older classes, however, it will seem to prove that something should be done to prevent one Hollywood blonde under ten from overthrowing in a brief scene the work of a whole generation of spinach progressives. Others profess to see in it the beginning of a revolt which must ultimately wipe out the vegetable plate with or without poached egg. We refuse to regard it as a fascist plot. We do feel that it proves conclusively that, given the mass circulation of Shirley Temple, the doctrine of spinach in every household will be increasingly difficult to maintain.

More Than Thunder

WHEN a primitive savage wants his enemy to die he takes a strip of the enemy's clothing and stuffs it in a dead snake's throat. He hopes thereby that a real snake will bite the real enemy. This is propitiatory magic, and it has been part of man's wishful techniques since the beginning of history. The presidential campaign has now reached the stage of propitiatory magic. The Republicans want Mr. Roosevelt defeated as much as any primitive savage ever wanted his enemy dead. And so they seek to build up a belief that he is already as good as beaten, hoping that the reality will imitate the picture of it in their minds.

There is no fault to be found with this. It is good propaganda technique as well as good magic, and actually clicks with a certain kind of mind. It is necessary in order to keep campaign contributions flowing into Republican coffers and hearten the party workers. The Democrats resort to the same technique, only they have less need to. It has been assumed for some time now that the coming election would prove to be a Roosevelt landslide: two months ago a man like Senator Vandenburg could not be persuaded to take the Republican nomination. Yet today there are fabulous rumors of a swing of sentiment to Landon and even some Democrats are reported to be worrying about the outcome. Straw votes, especially that of the *Literary Digest* and the American Institute of Public Opinion, have played a considerable part in creating the illusion of coming Republican success. The violent anti-Roosevelt bias of the large majority of newspaper owners has intensified it. But elections are not decided by the statistical genius of the straw-vote entrepreneurs nor by the self-induced eloquence of editorial writers. We have therefore asked our Washington correspondent, Paul Ward, who is admirably equipped for the task by a cynicism about either party, to undertake a matter-of-fact state-by-state analysis of just how the election prospects stand, and to strike a trial balance of the vote in the electoral college.

Mr. Ward's results, published elsewhere in this issue, are impressive in showing that the highly advertised Landon boom is still mainly propitiatory magic. We recommend the article for reading to Republicans and Democrats alike. It is hardheaded and unemotional, and the tabulation by which it prophesies a fairly easy victory for Mr. Roosevelt seems to ring true. We have only one qualification to add to Mr. Ward's analysis. It sums up the present realities, but it does not take account of what may still happen in the three months remaining before the election. It would require a hysteria of first-class proportions to swing into the Landon column all the states that are not clamped down iron-tight for Roosevelt. But the Republican strategists know that their only chance of winning lies in provoking such a hysteria. They know that what it requires are money and newspapers (both of which they have) and a large enough group in the country that may be accessible to a well-fabricated hysteria. Such a group may possibly be found in the lower middle class: it will certainly not be found anywhere else. It was the lower mid-

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dle class—the small business-man, independent farmer, small investor, technician, professional man and woman—whose swing away from the Republicans brought Mr. Roosevelt into office in 1932. It is the same class that will decide the coming election.

The campaign techniques thus far have been built round an attempt to enlist and hold the allegiance of this group. Big business is in the bag for Mr. Landon. Labor and the relief rolls are equally in the bag for Mr. Roosevelt. The struggle centers around the groups intermediate between these two on the social scale. Lower middle class people, like any other people, vote and act in terms of their interests and their emotions. They move between the two poles of the desire for improvement and the terror of the unknown. Mr. Roosevelt and his cohorts are making their appeal to one pole in terms of individual security with a higher standard of living. Mr. Landon and his cohorts are making their appeal to the other in terms of continuity with the past and the enormities of drastic change. Mr. Roosevelt has the advantage of dealing with tangible interests and of presenting the accomplished fact of a returning prosperity. Nothing but a first-class and nation-wide anti-Roosevelt hysteria can counteract that advantage and produce the results for which the Republican industrialists hunger.

The outstanding question of the present campaign is whether such a hysteria can be engendered successfully. Several elements are involved. One is the bitter personal attack on Mr. Roosevelt and his family, openly in the newspapers and more dangerously in a whispering campaign. Another is anti-radicalism. Mr. Roosevelt is being accused, as no previous presidential candidate has ever been accused, of being a communist and of having Moscow connections. His attempt to deal more fairly than his predecessors with trade-union organization is used to bolster the charge: even the French strikes and the Spanish civil war are being conscripted into service to indicate what may happen here in the event of a second Roosevelt victory. The Lemke-Coughlin-Gerald Smith third-party movement, which was presumably meant to take radical votes from Mr. Roosevelt, is actually operating to attack his radicalism more virulently than the Republicans themselves dare do. One of the most sinister elements in the whole campaign is the cropping up of anti-Semitism, particularly in the middle western towns, and the attempt to link Mr. Roosevelt with Jewish influences.

There is more than mere campaign thunder in all this. A presidential campaign has been considered traditionally as a sort of sporting proposition, in which two crowds vie for political office, after which the scars of battle are healed. The present campaign, while probably not as close as many of its predecessors, is none the less more bitter. It is not only a struggle for political spoils and power. It mirrors the depth and intensity of the social struggle going on under the surface of our political life. It is part of a social crisis which is world wide in its scope. But the stakes of the conflict are higher here than anywhere else and the energies of American life are vast. To stir up these energies wantonly during a campaign is a grave responsibility for any group to assume.

Drunken Dictators

GANGSTERS know one law—the law of the jungle. That is why Italian planes and Italian pilots have been sent to bomb Spanish loyalist warships for the Spanish rebels. It is the reason for the arrogant German ultimatum to both the government and the rebels, forbidding either to fire on Spanish towns without serving ten hours notice on the German government. It is the reason also for the warlike move of the German destroyer Deutschland which steamed back and forth before the harbor of Ceuta in mute warning to Spanish loyalists warships not to bombard the rebels who hold that Moroccan seaport. Hitler and Mussolini know that upon the outcome of the Spanish rebellion hangs the fate of fascism in Western Europe. If unofficial support of the rebels is not sufficient to crush loyalist resistance, their present course may be regarded as an indication that they are prepared to act officially, even if that means a general European war.

The French and British governments know as well as Berlin or Rome what is at stake. But they are—or appear to think they are—unable to act, or even speak out, in the situation with that directness which characterizes fascist tactics. The British government cannot be expected to make any effective protest against fascist aggression *per se.* There are too many fascist sympathizers among the British ruling classes. The only hope, then, of a British demand that fascist governments stop meddling in the Spanish situation, lies in the British fear that the Spanish rebels, if victorious, will allow the Germans a naval base in the Canary Islands and the Italians one in the Balearic Islands, thus increasing the menace to the British Empire communications which has already been created by the Italian conquest of Abyssinia. And even if this fear is thoroughly aroused, that is no earnest that the Baldwin government —whose foreign policy for the past year and a half has been the most vacillating and contemptible in British history—will do anything but temporize while the issue of European war or no European war is decided by events whose course it will not have attempted to influence.

As for the Blum Government, its position is clearly defined in articles by Trotsky and Ravage, elsewhere in this issue. It is a centrist government at a time in history when the center is a vacuum, and it is afraid to move lest it be sucked into the void. Therefore it hesitates to accede to the demand of its leftist supporters, and permit munitions to be sent to the Spanish popular front government. To give the appearance of acting, it sounds out the British and Italian governments concerning an agreement not to permit the shipments of munitions to either side. Meanwhile the rebels are supplied with arms from Italian and other foreign sources.

While the chanceries of London and Paris indulge in telephonic consultations and convince themselves by their much speaking that they are getting something done, the Spanish proletariat is making a heroic stand against the menace of renewed slavery. The Spanish masses are the best educated politically in the Western world. They know as well as the Hitlers and Mussolinis, the Baldwins and

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Blums, what is in the balance. If there is one thing more striking than another about this extraordinary war, it is the lack of individual heroes. The hero is the mass—the mass that mobilizes itself, arms itself, feeds itself, and hurls itself against the insurgents in a great, irresistible wave. It has forced the temporizing social-democratic government to give it weapons, having learned two years ago in the Asturias that the only way to fight fascism is to fight it, and that the longer the fight is deferred, the bloodier, the more heart-breaking and destructive it will be. The whole working and farming and professional population of a country does not behave like that, risking even its women and children, unless it has the most urgent reasons—unless it feels that its very existence, collective and individual, is at stake.

This desperate struggle for freedom calls for more than mere passive neutrality on the part of the so-called democratic governments. They should bring to bear upon the fascist governments all the peaceful pressure at their command—and that is tremendous—to make them stop their meddling, official or unofficial, in the Spanish crisis. While London and Paris lose time by seeming to gain it, not only the future of democracy but the peace of Europe lies in jeopardy. The Hitlers and Mussolinis of this world do not wait on consultations. They are drunk with the successes that the democratic governments have permitted them to seize, with no resistance more effective than half-hearted gestures and empty threats. They think they can get away with anything. The democratic powers face a more immediate and threatening danger of war—a danger created by these two irresponsible megalomaniacs—than at any time since August, 1914. And they face it because of their own miserable bungling in the past.

Skeleton in the Closet

THE skeleton in the closet of capitalism is currently on display in Paterson, New Jersey, where some 4,000 owner-operators of so-called "family looms" for weaving silk are on strike not for a living wage but for a living income. The "family loom" appeared in the boom period when ambitious weavers bought machines to get into business independently and thus free themselves from the wage slavery for which the textile industry has been famous from its very inception. The story of the weavers' attempt to maintain themselves as free manufacturers in the face of capitalism in its present advanced stage is both significant and sordid. These workers, according to the excellent account in the New York *Times,* were frankly willing to exploit their wives and children in order to get ahead. For a while it seemed to work. When some of the large silk mills left Paterson to get away from organized labor and local taxes, the family loom with its low production costs remained and became an important factor. But it had already entered the all-consuming maw of capital whose nature it is to accumulate though men, women, and children decay. Some of the large operators did not move. Instead they began selling their looms to workers on the instalment plan and became brokers, providing the raw material and buying the product of the family looms but taking no responsibility for the mode or conditions of its production. The depression did the rest. Both the loom and the family became mere appendages of the brokers representing capital. The individual family loom took its place with other family looms in the most rickety buildings in Paterson; each loom is inclosed in a chicken wire cage to prevent the mutual stealing induced by competition which is here encountered in its simplest form. In these cages, in order to meet the price of the brokers, whole families duplicated the conditions and hours of work which prevailed in the English textile factories when the extension of the working day was still the most efficient device for increasing production.

The end result of these great labors was inevitable. The weavers not only pauperized themselves but depressed the wages of weavers in other plants. One of the brokers summed it up very succinctly. After invoking the law of supply and demand he said, "The buyers play Paterson against the South and the South against Pennsylvania, and Pennsylvania back against Paterson and keep cutting each one down by means of the other." Needless to say, the weavers were unwilling agents in this process which cut down fellow workers' wages, and in the silk strike of last October the family weavers stopped work too in an attempt to get at least the same rate as ordinary hired weavers. But within two weeks the family weavers were forced into the role of strike-breakers because they had bills to pay and because the strike had created a shortage which raised the price the brokers could offer them.

The present strike is another attempt to make the brokers raise prices—an attempt roughly to increase the net income of the family loom from $6 to $12 a week! But it turns out that if the strike is won the weavers will be only relatively benefited. The brokers are so strong that for months it was impossible to get the weavers to take action against their exploiters. It took place only after Abraham Brenman, a lawyer who seems to be the impresario for this early-capitalist spectacle, had enlisted the "support" of the landlords who own the rickety buildings and of the machinery companies to whom instalments on looms are due. The support consists in forcing timid weavers to join the strike by threatening to evict them from their cages or to take away the machines which are dedicated to child labor and the endless working day.

The *Times* is journalistically sound in reporting fully this reversion of capitalism to its own infancy. The sinister fact is, however, that the mechanism whose operation in Paterson has finally become so shockingly cruel that it makes page one, is the basic mechanism of the economic system under which all of us live. What is even more shocking is the fact that this mechanism is accepted even by a newspaper correspondent as the operation of a natural law. The brokers, reads the *Times* account, are ready to accept the new prices and then to "let *nature in the form of the market reaction* take its course." As we write, nature in the form of human rebellion is taking a quite different course in various parts of Europe. The Paterson exhibit indicates why.

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Defending the Spanish Republic

BY LUIS ARAQUISTAIN

By cable from Madrid, August 3

IN the present Spanish military rebellion ninety-nine per cent of the officers of the army and navy are involved. The majority of the garrisons in fifty provinces took part in the uprising. But the rebellion became seriously jeopardized and was perhaps definitely checked when two days after it broke out armed people and loyal police forces stormed those Madrid barracks which had revolted, and in Barcelona on the same day took General Goded prisoner, thus freeing the two great cities which control the country's political life. Nevertheless, the rebellion is not yet vanquished. The rebels still control those regions which are politically the most backward in Spain.

The most serious mistake of the rebels was to believe that the proletarians, split into Marxists or Reformists, Socialists, Communists, Syndicalists, and anarchists would not unite in fighting for the Republic. They did unite, taking up arms as one man. The Republican government at first resisted the revolutionary step of arming the workers; it was forced to do so when the great betrayal of army officers made it clear that the working people were the government's main support in its critical hour.

In addition, the proletariat is using the weapon of the general strike in those provinces occupied by the rebels, thus hindering enormously the maneuvering of rebel troops and maintenance of the food supply. On the other hand, in provinces that are loyal or have been reconquered by the government, workers who are not at the battle front work doubly hard in order that the army and the people may eat and fight. All armament factories and the main auxiliary industries, such as iron, steel, and transport, are in government hands. Fascists must rely on war material that was stocked in rebel garrisons. When these supplies run out, the only alternative will be surrender.

The rebel generals also made a mistake about the soldiers and sailors. Soldiers have refused to fire on loyal forces, and desert as soon as they can. Their support was enlisted with lies. They were told that they were fighting against anarchy and defending the Republic. Once the men discovered the truth and knew the legitimate government had disbanded them, rebel chiefs hesitated to use such unsafe troops. The rebels face another hazard: if their forces leave the towns they now hold in order to advance on Madrid or to reinforce rebels whose positions are weak the workers will rise behind their backs. They will thus be caught between two fires. This means that the majority of the rebel garrisons are merely besieged and that the army is unable to make any move. From all those northern provinces they still hold they have managed to send on to Madrid only small columns mainly composed of rebel officers and fascist civilians, and these are held in check by popular militias in the mountain passes north of the capital. The rebels also planned to bring over from Morocco native troops and men of the foreign legion; but the crews of warships imprisoned or shot their officers, seized the ships, and prevented the transport of those mercenary troops.

Thanks to all these factors, the limited offensive and defensive power of the fascists has been easily checked so far. With every day that passes their capacity for attack and defense decreases owing to the demoralization growing out of early failure and to the increasing scarcity of their munition and food supplies. On the other hand, the new popular army is increasing numerically and in fighting strength. It will take the place of the old royalist army. The Republic unwisely left that army intact. The people have annihilated it.

Two Spains, one feudal, the other proletarian, confront each other. One must annihilate the other. The people are determined to crush their enemies, the military, aristocratic, and clerical oligarchies. They will defend only a democratic republic.

Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries — Drawing by Daumier

In Spain: Christian Charity

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Landon Has No Chance

BY PAUL W. WARD

Washington, August 3

DON'T be taken in by all this talk that Landon has a chance. Presidential elections are always close—especially in the public prints—until the votes are counted. Then they are landslides. They have been landslides eight times out of ten, and the Presidential race this year is not going to be an exception. Mr. Roosevelt will carry at least 31 states and poll at least 286 electoral votes, which is 20 more than he needs, and there is a better-than-even chance that he will poll more than 400 out of a possible 531. I base my prediction not on wishes but on the available evidence. Being certain that whichever major nominee is elected the public will be rooked and that the chief thing in Roosevelt's favor is that he might be a week or two longer than Landon in calling out the troops if Lewis and his boys pushed the steel masters up against the wall, I don't give a damn which one of them wins.

Take first the straw votes. Three of them have been widely publicized—the one put out by Dr. Gallup's Institute of Public Opinion on July 12, the *Literary Digest* poll completed last January, and the initial instalment of the *Farm Journal* poll, published July 20. All three are commercial enterprises run for profit, and the man who hacks at their roots opens himself to a suit for damages. Though all have been represented otherwise, none of the three offers much support to the Landon cause. In the most reliable of them all, the *Digest* poll, nearly 2,000,000 votes were cast, and 62.6 per cent of them were cast in disapproval of the New Deal, which carried only 12 states in this test. But the question on the ballot was so badly phrased as to open the way for many different deductions, and the voters were not given a chance to vote for or against Roosevelt, who unquestionably is more popular than the New Deal.

The other two polls may be quickly dismissed, especially the *Farm Journal* poll. It is taken not by mail but by solicitors, and solicitors are notoriously inclined to lead the voters, especially when they are employed by the type of firm that publishes this magazine. The firm is owned by Joseph N. Pew, Jr., oil man and prominent Liberty Leaguer, who bought the *Farm Journal* out of receivership last October. A 25-cents-a-year magazine claiming a circulation of about 1,250,000, it reads like a campaign pamphlet from the Republican National Committee. Its editor, Arthur H. Jenkins, writing recently to a subscribing farmer who had wanted to be recorded in the poll as voting for Roosevelt, suggested that the farmer subscribe to some other magazine and added that "we expect to do our best to stop Mr. Roosevelt . . ." In the first instalment of the *Farm Journal* poll, Landon got 25,307, or 54.7 per cent of the total. The poll, however, covered only thirty-two states. Most of the solidly Democratic states were missing, and the returns for the states covered came most heavily from Republican strongholds. From Texas, for example, where there are 501,017 farms, only 155 votes were recorded as against 3,948 from New York where there are only 177,025 farms. Even so, this poll favored Roosevelt. If the ratios of voting sentiment it showed had been applied to the total farm population in each state, the resulting figures would have given Roosevelt 2,637,382 votes, or 53.27 per cent of the total.

He got only 57.3 per cent of the total vote cast in November, 1932, when he defeated Hoover by 7,060,016 votes. And this brings us to a point which illustrates the inadequacy of all these national polls. None of them is large enough to reflect anything but the grossest sort of shift in public sentiment, and none of them to date has even pretended to show a shift big enough to make itself apparent in their minute cross-sections. This is significant when one considers that rarely does a Presidential candidate poll three out of five votes cast in the elections. The average for the winners of the last eleven Presidential elections is 56.1 per cent. The landslides come in the electoral college. On an average 72 per cent of the electoral college vote goes to the winning Presidential candidate; at least, it has in the last nine elections.

The following tabulation tells the story in detail:

Year	Candidate	Party	Per cent Popular Vote	Per cent Electoral Vote
1932	Roosevelt	Dem.	57.3	88
1928	Hoover	Rep.	58.8	83
1924	Coolidge	Rep.	71.2	72
1920	Harding	Rep.	65.8	76
1916	Wilson	Dem.	49.2	52
1912	Wilson	Dem.	41.8	81
1908	Taft	Rep.	57.0	66
1904	Roosevelt	Rep.	62.5	70

I may add for the benefit of those who don't believe in figures yet do believe in Dr. Gallup's polls, that the latest gave Roosevelt an edge of 2,000,000 in the popular vote but found Landon a six-vote lead in the electoral college. It achieved this result by giving Landon the benefit of the doubt wherever possible. It conceded to Roosevelt 24 states with a total of 229 electoral votes and to Landon 15 states with a total of 99 votes. Then it proceeded to parcel out 14 doubtful states, giving 11 with a total of 173 votes to Landon and three with a total of 30 votes to Roosevelt. Among the doubtful states it gave to Landon was Montana. Two weeks after the poll was published Montana held its primary elections. New Deal candidates won the Democratic contest. The total vote for both parties was 67 per cent Democratic in the case of the governorship and 74 per cent in that of the senatorship. If the disparity between the poll and the Montana vote holds throughout the poll—and primary returns in other states warrant a belief

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that it does—only four states that Gallup concedes to Landon will actually be found in his column in November; Roosevelt will have the remaining 34 and a record-breaking total of 510 electoral votes.

We come now to the evidence supporting a prediction that Roosevelt will win in a walk. Let's begin with the intangibles, including chiefly the fact that no other peacetime administration has had such direct and personal contact with the electorate as this one. More than a million families have successfully turned to the HOLC to avoid foreclosure on their homes. Over 3,000,000 families are dependent on the WPA. Hundreds of millions have been paid out to farmers in AAA benefits. Thousands of farmers, burnt out by drought in 1934 and 1936, have been saved by the RA, the FERA and the FSCC, all New Deal agencies. The great majority of the million or so railroaders in the country publicly swear by Roosevelt, and they have relatives who also vote. There are an additional 3,500,000 workingmen with families whose votes Labor's Non-Partisan League vows it will deliver to Roosevelt. This list of intangibles could be extended indefinitely.

None of these intangibles—save drought-relief, and that only in the case of one state—figured in my calculation that Roosevelt is certain of at least 286 electoral votes. That calculation was based on a tabulation showing how each state has voted since 1900, how it is classified in the various polls, and how the most recent elections in the state came out. Latest available registration-figures also were included, along with the party division of each state's Congressional delegation and such other known facts as were available concerning the counterplay of political forces in each state. An attempt then was made to synthesize all these different factors and weigh each in relation to its influence upon the outcome in November. Thus where polls indicated a pro-Landon shift in sentiment, note was taken of the extent of shift necessary to put that state in the Landon column, and this, in turn, was balanced against the trends shown in registrations or recent elections. Account also had to be taken in many cases of the fact that no appreciable number of voters split their tickets in a national election.

Greatest weight was given to the 1934 Congressional elections, for it is an axiom of American politics that the party winning the Congressional elections between Presidential elections always wins the Presidency two years later. Victory in the Congressional elections means that a party is well on its way to control of state, county, and local machines, and these machines elect our Presidents. It was their control that kept the Republicans in power almost continuously up to 1932. Such victories as the Democrats were able to score in the national field were temporary and failed to blow the G.O.P. out of its actual strongholds. In 1932, out of 1,500 counties west of the Mississippi, 1,454 fell to the Democrats; that means, the majority of the sheriffs, police, tax assessors and collectors, election boards and commissioners in those counties are Democrats. Moreover, far from losing strength in the 1934 Congressional by-election, the Democrats made enormous gains, so that out of the 435 House members in the last Congress 315 were Democrats and only 104 Republicans; in the Senate there were 70 Democrats and only 23 Republicans. To this must be added the fact that at their last elections only nine states elected Republican Governors; that in all recent primaries New Deal candidates have emerged victorious; that the opposition to the anti-Roosevelt proceedings at the recent Townsend convention came wholly from actual candidates for office who openly rated support of the New Deal as more important to their success than support of Townsendism; that the same is true of Coughlin candidates in many sections; that the professional Republicans apparently have no confidence in their 1936 prospects for, except for those seeking reelection, only the most dreadful hacks are entering the jousts against New Dealers; and, finally, that what registration figures are available are not only favorable but markedly so, to Democratic prospects for November.

All these considerations resulted in a tabulation in which 26 states possessing a total of 241 electoral votes had to be conceded to Roosevelt beyond quibble. To this list were added five states which Roosevelt has much better than an even chance of carrying. They brought his total vote up to 286, more than enough to reelect him. The five states so added were Indiana, Iowa, Idaho, Minnesota, and Oregon. All have Democratic Governors. Indiana gave Roosevelt 54 per cent of its popular vote in 1932 and has given thirteen out of its fourteen seats in Congress to Democrats. Its Governor, McNutt, the Hoosier Hitler, is a powerful, magnetic figure who has designs on the Presidency in 1940 and will be working overtime to keep his state in the Democratic column to that end. In Iowa Roosevelt's chances are even better. The state gave him nearly 58 per cent of its popular vote in 1932 and has given seven of its eleven Congressional seats to Democrats. Local polls show a heavy New Deal sentiment, and the Democrats have the best of the local candidates for federal office. The present Governor, Herring, is running for the Senate against "Jeeter Lester" Dickinson, the dogfood boy. Kreschel, another powerful campaigner, is after the Governorship as a Democrat. The Republicans have put up an unknown against a seasoned and popular Democrat campaigner for the Senate seat vacated recently by the death of Senator Murphy. In Idaho another vote-magnet by the name of Ross, now Governor, is out campaigning as a New Dealer for Borah's seat in the Senate. Already three of the state's four Congressional representatives are Democrats, and Borah will be so hard put saving the fourth for himself that he will have no more time than he now has taste for boosting Landon's chances. Minnesota, which has one Democrat and no Republicans in Congress, is counted in the Roosevelt column not only because of the drought but also because of the strong pro-Roosevelt sentiment in the Farmer-Labor forces there and the more or less open alliance between Governor Olson and Roosevelt. That Oregon belongs in the same column is virtually conceded by the Republicans themselves.

Of the other 26 states which the tabulation at issue here puts in the Roosevelt column only a few will excite any question at all. One of these perhaps is California. Registration figures from that state show a 50 per cent increase for the Democrats, a 50 per cent decrease

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for the Republicans. The polls also give it to the New Deal and so, privately, do the Republican chieftains. West Virginia may cause argument, merely because the polls give it to the Republicans. The Democrats were heavily in the majority in its primaries and all anti-New Deal candidates got a drubbing. Its eight Congressmen are Democrats.

If Roosevelt carries all thirty-one of the States credited to him in this tabulation he will not have to worry about how many of the others fall into the Landon column. The others are Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Vermont. In many of these Roosevelt has better than a fighting chance. Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Maine, Connecticut, and Kansas alone seem safely Republican at the moment, and only local pride can be counted on to keep Kansas safe. Local polls there show a strong pro-Roosevelt sentiment among the farmers, and Democratic headquarters here claim that since last registration day in Landon's home county, Montgomery, 661 Republicans have shifted to Democratic while only 61 Democrats have gone Republican. In the recent Presidential preference primaries in Illinois, Roosevelt, though unopposed, polled more votes than all the Republican aspirants put together. The state has a Democratic Governor, Horner, who in the primaries bested the Kelly-Nash Democratic machine in Chicago with the result that the two factions will be breaking their necks in November to get out a Roosevelt vote definitely establishing one or the other's claim on federal patronage. Twenty-one of the state's 27 occupied seats in the last Congress were filled by Democrats. Michigan, with Frank Murphy running for the Governorship, the Republican Couzens pulling for Roosevelt, and its big labor and Negro votes strongly pro-New Deal, ought not to be put definitely out of the Democratic column; nor should Nebraska, where Norris will be boosting the New Deal. Nebraska already has a Democratic Senator and Governor. Four of its House seats went to Democrats in 1934 and only two to Republicans. New York, with Lehman, a greater vote-getter than Roosevelt, heading the state ticket, may also be found in the Democratic pocket when the final votes are counted, despite the defection of Al Smith and his few remaining pals. What happens in Ohio will depend largely on the size of Roosevelt's lead in Cleveland and the extent to which intra-party strife centering around Governor Davey, a Democrat, disrupts the party organization in the state. Pennsylvania, on the other hand, seems well on her way to casting her Presidential vote for a Democrat for the first time. Registration figures, including some showing 100 per cent gains for the Democrats against losses for the Republicans, support that belief, as does the fact that for the first time in the state's history it has a Democratic machine that it not only working smoothly but also working against the Republicans instead of with them. In 1932, when Pennsylvania cast her vote for Hoover, John L. Lewis was supporting the Republican nominee and the state had not yet acquired a Democratic Governor nor given two out of every three of its seats in Congress to the Democracy.

The Education of John L. Lewis

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

DURING the 1920's John Lewis won more victories than any other labor leader. He smashed his opponents within the union, one by one. The miners won every national strike. He settled most of these strikes with victorious agreements; and when that was impossible, he at least held on to his slogan, No Backward Step! Since Lewis became head of the union, it has never agreed to a reduction in wages, to a worsening of conditions, to a formal weakening of its position. And that at a time when the rest of labor was giving way to the company union everywhere. Tough, shrewd, successful, Lewis was known as the Jack Dempsey of American labor.

Yet every victory left the union more exhausted, internally more disrupted, externally more disorganized, numerically dwindling. What the union refused to do nationally, the separate districts had to do. They had to back down on wages and conditions. The coal operators were chiseling on the contracts. Standards were disintegrating. Mines lay idle. The coal market was shrinking. Wildcat over-expansion and monopolistic compression alternated within the industry, and in one monopolistic squeeze after another some 200,000 miners lost their jobs.

The anthracite workers, in the more stabilized sector of the industry, more or less held their own. But the soft-coal field was gradually crumbling into coal dust. Toward the end of the Great Prosperity the union probably had no more than 250,000 members, if that. To be sure, it continued to pay the A. F. of L. a head tax for 400,000 members. But that was a mere gesture upheld by political necessity. The most powerful of all unions could not publicly admit its slow collapse. Besides, the Lewis machine, in its bitter struggles against its own left wings, had to keep its voting strength in the "red"-baiting A. F. of L. conventions. But for all their splendid paper showing the United Mine Workers were remitted their per capita tax in 1928. There just weren't enough dues-paying miners to meet the tax. For the truth was that Mr. Lewis's victories were all Pyrrhic victories. They were won in the clauses of collective bargains and not in the trenches of the mines.

Now John Lewis is by temperament not satisfied with formal victories which turn into informal routs. To Green, Woll, Tobin, and Company a Pyrrhic victory is the only safe victory. They abhor nothing more than a real advance of their separatist craft battalions, whose strategy is con-

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fined to "jurisdictional disputes" among themselves. A general advance of labor would tend to unite labor, while they live on its division, as their present fight against Lewis and the C. I. O. clearly indicates. Hence the Greens fear nothing more than labor *power*. All they want is bourgeois *success*. Such success does not interest Lewis. He wants the success of power, not of philistine security and bureaucratic vegetation. And he knows that labor power rests on mass organization. So, naturally, with every new victory John Lewis became more puzzled. Why did the union advance on the map and lose in the coal fields?

This is not to say that throughout the 1920's John Lewis was forever scratching his head and wondering what it was all about. Lewis was always very capable, intelligent, and realistic. Even then he knew the coal industry probably better than anybody else—economically, practically, scientifically—which in sheer scholarship is quite a feat. And being a man of exceptional strength, he is not given to spiritual bewilderment. What I mean is that Lewis, being the sort of man who learns almost altogether from experience, is enlightened by life itself more than by his own imagination. That, indeed, is in a way his limitation, for the greatest leaders learn from both. But be that as it may, the period of the great boom was the period of Lewis's slow enlightenment in the processes of capitalist economy.

One curious reason for the slowness of his progressive growth was that, until the very end of the decade, he was firmly convinced that he himself was the most progressive leader in American labor. Didn't he always invite Rena Mooney to address the miners' conventions for the Mooney-Billings defense fund, and didn't he see to it that she never left empty-handed? Didn't the resolutions committee in every convention, which was always under his thumb, indorse some such radical measure as the thirty-hour week, or the nationalization of the coal industry, or the Plumb Plan? Didn't he always speak his mind about the masters of finance capital? It was because he believed in his own progressivism that he fought the radicals in his own union not only ruthlessly but with real moral passion. He got rid of Frank Farrington, the Illinois "progressive," by proving that Farrington was in the pay of the operators. He got rid of Alex Howat, the Kansas left-winger, an honest but almost illiterate roughneck, by heaving him out of the union for insubordination. And finally he got rid of John Brophy, whom he considered an impractical idealist, by accusing him in 1928 of fomenting "dual unionism."

But in fact Lewis was not a progressive until the very end of the 1920's. He thought he was, partly because he had started his career in local union politics as a rebel and partly because he represented the traditional radicalism of the United Mine Workers. This radicalism was a rough-and-ready labor Jacksonism, nostalgically reminiscent of the Knights of Labor. It was not until the NRA was in full wild swing that Lewis's progressive education was finally completed; that he abandoned this conventional radicalism—which gave scope even to the most reactionary politics—and came out straight for that modern vertical unionism which presents a monolithic front to modern monopoly. Today he no longer believes, as he did in the twenties, that one can fight Wall Street and yet vote the Republican ticket. He no longer thinks that a Republican President might make him Secretary of Labor, so that he could reform industry and strengthen unionism.

From 1911 to 1917 Lewis was an organizer for the A. F. of L., the personal representative of the late Samuel Gompers during the latter's reactionary period. From that job he went straight to the top of the United Mine Workers. When he became president in 1919, the coal industry was crazily over-expanding. But the suicidal contradictions of this over-expansion, the chaos it was creating in the industry, were hidden by the immediate post-war boom. Lewis was prepared neither by training nor experience to see through the economics of this over-expansion. He saw his duty primarily in strengthening the union so that it might keep pace with the seeming growth of the industry. He did not quite realize that such anarchic growth was bound to wreck both the industry and its workers

His first great victory—on paper—resulted from the national coal strike of 1919. On November 8, eight days after the strike was called, Judge Anderson of the United States District Court in Indiana issued an injunction which forbade the miners even to think about it. President Wilson threatened military intervention. Lewis called off the strike officially, but somehow not a single miner went back to work. And with this strategy he forced President Wilson to appoint a bituminous-coal commission.

The commission recommended a wage increase of 27 per cent and approximately corresponding increases for common labor, for trappers, and for boys. No change was made in basic hours. The operators had to accept. Of course, the coal industry being what it is, the agreement was filled with the usual exceptional provisions, technical differentials, and other loopholes for sabotage on the part of the operators. Under this agreement the average miner, getting as much work as the industry could offer, earned no more than $900 to $1,000 a year, a good deal less than the totally inadequate $1,600 which the Department of Labor then computed as essential to a standard of minimum health and decency for the American family. Still, the men returned feeling that they had gained something. But the almost immediate wholesale repudiation on the part of the operators created an infinite amount of trouble, especially in Illinois and in Kansas, where the progressive opposition to Lewis flourished because of the anarchy in the industry. Lesser strikes were chronic during this period and the unorganized fields in Kentucky and particularly in West Virginia were constant wounds.

Not all strikes are precipitated by the employers, except in the coal industry. There they always are, because the operators invariably refuse to reenter negotiations at the expiration of a contract. The next strike was in 1922 and it ended with the Tri-State agreement, so-called because it involved Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, as the basis for a national settlement. The union officially fought for a thirty-hour week, by which the miners really meant a minimum of thirty hours, for the industry was employing most men from one to three days a week only. Again it won the purely Pyrrhic victory of an eight-hour day, for the over-expansion of the industry had really ruined the work day.

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But it also won a 10 per cent wage increase. With slight modifications, this wage scale is in operation today.

After the Tri-State agreement the consequences of the earlier over-expansion of the industry began to tell. Lewis realized that there were "twice too many mines and twice too many miners." It was then that he woke up to the fact that what the industry needed above all was *stabilization,* a conception which he later extended to include the whole of our economy. And he began to advocate, rather vaguely, government regulation of the industry—a tremendous forward step for an A. F. of L. leader. For the A. F. of L. was forever fighting government "interference," an interference which the government since the Civil War—except in the case of the railroads—had never dreamed of offering unless it were in aiding officials to break strikes.

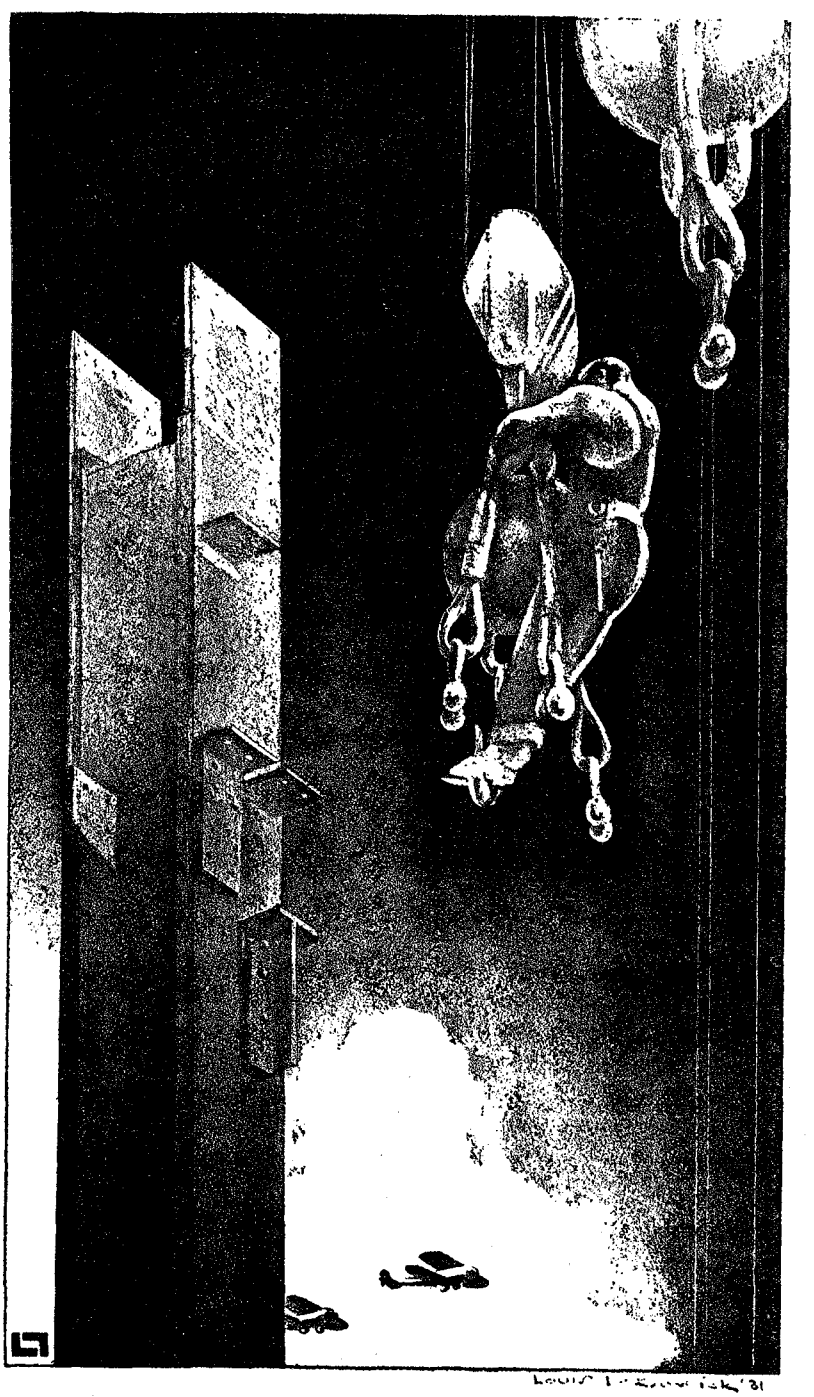
It was as far back as the eve of the strike of 1922 that Lewis came out for government regulation. "Some national authority over the coal industry is necessary, call it what you may," he testified before the Bland committee of the House of Representatives. He came out for "an industrial bill of rights," and suggested a permanent coal commission representing capital, labor, and the ever mythical "public." But it was not until the breakdown of the Jacksonville agreement in 1927 that Lewis began to fight in earnest for government regulation of the coal industry.

The Tri-State agreement was to last till April 1,1924. On February 19, 1924, the Jacksonville agreement was signed to last until 1927. It was signed between the operators and the miners of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and western Pennsylvania, again as the basis for a national settlement. The old conditions were renewed. This was considered a tremendous victory, because at that time labor was losing all along the line to the company-union movement.

No sooner was the Jacksonville agreement signed than the operators began to chisel at it by all sorts of subterfuges. They started "group" leasing and other such "cooperative" undertakings. The unionized fields became completely disorganized. Toward the end of 1924, 40 per cent of the coal mines in the country were non-union. One year later fully 60 per cent were non-union, mines mainly in Kentucky and West Virginia. The Coolidge Administration, under pressure from Mr. Hoover who was then Secretary of Commerce, allowed the scab operators preferential freight rates so as to kill union production. It was during the period of the Jacksonville agreement that Lewis had most of the trouble with his left wing, which expressed the restlessness of the rank and file. The progressives wanted him to organize Kentucky and West Virginia. Lewis showed that the non-union fields were owned by the same Wall Street interests which owned the union fields, and which manipulated both. And he also claimed that West Virginia could not be organized short of a civil war. The slightest attempt at organization in those fields was accompanied by murder, evictions, and general terror.

And so once more Lewis returned to agitating for government regulation of the industry. When the Jacksonville agreement broke down in 1927, he submitted a coal-stabilization bill, which became known as the Watson bill because it was finally introduced by Senator Watson of Indiana in 1930. The stress of the depression kept it from consideration. But in January, 1932, it was again introduced, completely revised, by James Davis in the Senate and Clyde Kelley in the House. During these years, from 1927 on, the miners, both nationally and by districts, of course carried on negotiations and signed agreements with the operators. But Lewis's main interest was directed toward the sort of legislative social planning which was eventually enacted in the NIRA.

[*Mr. Stolberg's third article will appear next week.*]



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It Can't Rain Here

BY ALFRED KLAUSLER

Glendive, Montana, July 30

WHEN you live right in the heart of a great news story, you suddenly lose all desire to run with it to the typewriter. For years you wait for the breaks to come, as they do so often to the metropolitan newspapers, and when they are here, all around you, you feel like sitting down and doing nothing.

The latest reports say that a billion dollars worth of economic damage has been done by the drought. In the Northwest the crop loss mounted to $300,000,000, passed the $400,000,000 mark some time ago, and is now nearing $500,000,000. What the amount of damage is in the cattle world is still unknown. Until now farmers have chased their cattle into ditches to eat the spears of quack grass or have managed to rake up straw from last year's threshing. If there is no rain, most of the cattle including the family milch cows will be shipped out.

There has been much cattle shipping already. Go down to the railroad yards at night and watch the long cattle trains slide furtively into the yards. Every car is filled with gaunt looking steers and cows. Some are so weak from lack of food and water they fall to their knees every time the train jolts. Many cars are filled with prostrate cattle. They come from the cattle country of eastern Montana and western North Dakota. Down in the Powder River country the waterholes have long ago dried up; the Mormon crickets ate the last spear of grass; the range is nothing but a brown crinkly mat. Cowhands urge the cattle on for a few more miles to the nearest shipping point. The cattle stagger drunkenly through the dust clouds. Many fall over and die before they reach the yards. In this Powder River country, the heart of the western cattle kingdom, drinking water at filling stations costs five cents a glass.

Take a slow automobile trip from Rugby, North Dakota, to Steele, North Dakota, a straight line of 150 miles which goes right through the heart of the North Dakota drought area. The highway is in excellent shape. It shoots straight from the Canadian border to South Dakota. There are a few turns where the road winds past alkali lakes and sloughs now dried into white patches like old buffalo skulls. Fences torn, buildings unpainted, dust-drifts along the fence lines, fields of stunted Russian thistle, deserted farmyards—as far as the eye can see desolation and waste. Once upon a time this was a proud and prosperous country. There were stately hip-roof barns, gleaming white homes; cottonwood groves sheltered apple orchards on every farm.

There aren't many people left. If there are, you can't find them. Perhaps they are sitting on the shady side of the house staring into the horizon or just sleeping. Perhaps they are in town sitting along the curbs cracking jokes or conducting a serious and scientific discussion as to the possibility of rain. The last rain, the last good rain, was July 10, 1935. Some farmers have moved out of the country but the majority can't even buy gasoline.

Take the road from Bismarck west through North Dakota into Montana. The fields on either side of the highway are a burnt, dirty yellow. It's like that all over North Dakota but the farther west you get the more desolate the scenery appears. When you hit eastern Montana you think you've hit a bit of hell. It's so hot and damned looking. The black-top road shimmers with grasshoppers. They look like a vast bed of gravel quivering under an earthquake. The heat hits the face, jabs the nostrils, and pinches the skin on the face. As far as the eye can see there is absolutely nothing except Badland buttes, dried pastures, a couple of bones, and ramshackle farmyards. You spend most of your time waiting for rain. You start way back in February counting the days until the first rain. Around Easter the tension increases. When Easter passes without rain you count the days until Decoration Day. After that you don't count any more. You just wait for rain.

The New York *Times* photographers have taken all kinds of fancy pictures of cattle and people in our drought country. The pictures show human beings sitting by doorsteps, faces screwed up at the sun, eyes shaded—just like the sharecropper pictures from Arkansas. We never dreamed it would come to this. We have always had money and the feeling of prosperity. But the photographers missed the look that comes to the face when suddenly the pump no longer pulls water and you've got a herd of twenty steers, eighteen cows, and six calves bunched around the water tank bellowing for water and at last collapsing into the dried manure of the yard.

It can't rain here. There are black-purple clouds rolling forward, lower, lower. The wind is still hot. The thermometer shows 110 degrees. You pray a little in a half-ashamed manner. But then the wind comes from the west and the clouds are swept away, high up into the sky.

Once there was a rain. It rained last Sunday evening. The same heavy black clouds swept up across the Badland buttes. Skeptically you watched the clouds. They dropped lower. The hot blasts from the west stopped. There was a sudden calm. There were the first heavy warm drops. You held out your hand unbelievingly. You chant the litany, it can't rain here. And then comes the sudden swift downpour of water. It covers the ground in sheets. Everyone takes off shoes and stockings to wade in the mud. There is laughter. Now there might be enough feed for the winter.

But the next day the sun is hot and drilling. The unnatural greenness droops. Wells go dry. Waterholes disappear. We count the days until the next rain. Perhaps there will be a rain in September. It may rain for thirty days. That's what happened back in 1908.

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Revolutionary Interlude in France

BY LEON TROTSKY

Norway, July 9

WE MUST repeat once again that the serious capitalist press like the Paris *Temps* or the London *Times* has made a much more correct and penetrating evaluation of the meaning of the June events in France and Belgium than has the press of the People's Front. While the Socialist and Communist official organs, tagging behind Blum, talk about the beginning of the "peaceful transformation of the social regime in France," the conservative press insists that in France a revolution has begun and that it will inevitably assume violent forms during the next stages. It would be a mistake to view this prognosis as solely or chiefly intended to frighten the property owners. The representatives of big capital are capable of following the social struggle very realistically. Contrariwise, petty bourgeois politicians readily incline to accept their own desires for reality. Standing between the principal classes, finance capital and the proletariat, the Messrs. "Reformers" propose that both of the opponents accept the middle course which they have greatly labored to elaborate in the General Staff of the People's Front, and which they themselves interpret differently. However, they will shortly have occasion to convince themselves that it is much easier to reconcile class contradictions in leading articles than in governmental activity, especially in the very heat of a social crisis.

In parliament an ironical charge has been hurled against Blum that he carried on negotiations concerning the demands of the strikers with representatives of the "200 families." "And who else was there for me to negotiate with?" wittily replied the Premier. In point of fact, if any negotiations are to be carried on with the bourgeoisie, then it is necessary to choose the real masters, those capable of deciding for themselves and of issuing orders to others. But in that case, it was pointless to have so noisily declared war against them! Within the framework of the bourgeois regime, its laws and mechanics, each one of the "200 families" is incomparably more powerful than the Blum Government. The financial magnates represent the crown of the bourgeois system of France, while the Blum Government, despite all its electoral successes, "crowns" only a brief interlude between the two contending camps.

At the present moment, in the first half of July, it might superficially seem as if everything had more or less returned to normal. As a matter of fact, within the depths of the proletariat, as well as among the summits of the ruling classes, a well-nigh automatic preparation for a new conflict is now going on. The very essence of the matter lies in the fact that the reforms, very meager as they are in substance, upon which the capitalists and the leaders of the labor organizations agreed in June, are not viable, because they are already beyond the powers of declining capitalism, taken as a whole. The financial oligarchy, which did a swimming business in the very heat of the crisis, could, of course, abide both with the forty-hour week, paid vacations, and so on, but the hundreds of thousands of middle and petty entrepreneurs, upon whom finance capital leans and upon whose shoulders it now is loading the costs of its agreement with Blum, must either submit docilely to ruin or seek, in their turn, to load the costs of social reforms upon the workers and peasants, as consumers.

Blum, to be sure, has more than once expatiated in the Chamber and in the press upon the enticing prospect of a general economic revival and of a rapidly expanding turnover which will make it possible to lower considerably the general productive costs and therefore allow of increased expenditures for labor power without a rise in commodity prices. In point of fact such combined economic processes were frequently to be observed in the past. They mark the entire history of rising capitalism. The only trouble is that Blum is trying to project into the future what has irrevocably receded into the past. Politicians, subject to such an aberration, may call themselves socialists and even communists but they fix their eyes not ahead but behind them, and they are therefore a brake upon progress.

French capitalism with its celebrated "equilibrium" between agriculture and industry entered into the stage of decline later than Italy and Germany but no less irresistibly. This is not a phrase from a revolutionary proclamation, but a statement of incontrovertible fact. The productive forces of France have outgrown the bounds of private property and the boundaries of the state. Governmental intervention on the foundations of a capitalist regime can be of assistance only in shifting the unprofitable expenditures of the decline from one class to another. Which class would that be? When the Socialist Premier has to carry on negotiations about a "more just" distribution of the national income, he is unable, as we have already learned, to find any worthy partners other than the representatives of the "200 families." Holding in their hands all the basic levers of industry, credit, and commerce, the financial magnates shift the costs of the agreement upon the "middle classes," compelling them by reason of this very thing to enter into a struggle with the workers. In this now lies the crux of the situation.

The manufacturers and the merchants present their ledgers to the ministers and say, "We cannot do it." The government, calling to mind old textbooks of political economy, replies, "It is necessary to cut down the costs of production." But this is easier said than done. Moreover, in the given conditions technological improvements would mean increased unemployment, and ultimately a deepening of the crisis. The workers, on their part, are protesting against the fact that the incipient increases in prices

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threaten to devour their conquests. The government issues orders to the prefects that they launch a campaign against the high cost of living. But the prefects know from long experience that it is much easier to lower the tone of an oppositionist paper than to lower the price of meat. The wave of mounting prices still lies ahead.

The small manufacturers, tradesmen and, in their wake, the peasants will become more and more disillusioned with the People's Front, from which they expected immediate salvation far more directly and innocently than did the workers. The fundamental political contradiction of the People's Front lies in the fact that the politicians of the Golden Mean at its head, in their fear of "scaring" the middle classes, do not transgress the bounds of the old social regime, that is, the historical blind alley. Meanwhile, the so-called middle classes—not their summits, of course, but the lower ranks—sense the impasse at every step and are not at all afraid of bold decisions, but on the contrary demand them as a riddance from the noose. "Do not expect miracles from us!" the pedants in power keep repeating. But the gist of the matter lies precisely in the fact that without "miracles," without heroic decisions, without a complete overturn in property relations—without the concentration of the banking system, of the basic branches of industry, and of foreign trade in the hands of the state—there is no salvation for the petty bourgeoisie of the city and country. If the "middle classes" in whose name the People's Front was expressly created are unable to find revolutionary audacity from the left, they will seek it on the right. The petty bourgeoisie is gripped by fever and must inevitably toss from side to side. Meanwhile, the big capitalists are confidently watching for such a turn as will make a beginning for fascism not only as a semi-military organization of bourgeois papas' sons with automobiles and airplanes but as a real mass movement in France.

The workers in June exerted colossal pressure upon the ruling classes, but they did not carry it to its conclusion. They evinced their revolutionary might but also their weakness: the lack of a program and of a leadership. All the props of capitalist society and all of its incurable ulcers remain intact. Now the period is unfolding of the preparations for a counter-pressure: repressions against the left agitators, the increasingly envenomed agitation on the part of the right agitators, experimentation with rising prices, mobilizations of manufacturers for mass lockouts. The trade unions of France which on the eve of the strike hardly numbered one million members are now approaching the five million mark. This unprecedented mass influx is indicative of the feelings that inspire the labor masses. There cannot even be talk that they will permit the costs of their own conquests to be loaded upon themselves without a struggle. The ministers and the official leaders are indefatigable in urging the workers to remain seated peacefully and not to hinder the government while it is working over the solution of problems. But inasmuch as the government, in the nature of things, is incapable of solving any problem whatever; inasmuch as the June concessions were gained thanks to the strike and not patient waiting; inasmuch as every new day will expose the bankruptcy of the government in the face of the developing counter-offensive of capital, these monotonous exhortations will soon lose their potency. The logic of the situation which flows from the June victory, or, rather, to put it more correctly, from the semi-fictitious character of this victory, will compel the workers to accept the challenge, to embark once again upon a struggle. Taking fright at this prospect, the government shifts to the right. Under the direct pressure of the radical allies, but, in the last analysis, upon the demand of the "200 families," the Socialist Minister of Internal Affairs announced in the Senate that no further occupations of factories, stores, and farms by the strikers would be tolerated. A warning of this sort cannot, of course, put a halt to the struggle, but it is capable of making it infinitely more decisive and acute.

An absolutely objective analysis, which proceeds from facts and not desires, thus leads us to the conclusion that a new social conflict is being prepared from two sides, and that it must break out with an almost mechanical inevitability. It is not difficult even at the present time to define in general the nature of this conflict. During all revolutionary periods in history, two successive stages may be established which are closely linked together: first, the "elemental" movement of the masses which catches the opponent off-guard and which extorts serious concessions, or, at any rate, promises; and then the ruling classes, sensing that the foundations of their rule are being threatened, prepare for their revenge. The semi-victorious masses evince impatience. The traditional left leaders, who, like the opponents, were caught unawares by the movement, hope to save the situation by means of conciliatory eloquence, and end by losing their influence. The masses are drawn into a new struggle almost leaderless, without a clear program and without understanding the difficulties ahead. Such a conflict ineluctably arising from the first semi-victory of the masses has often led to their defeat—or semi-defeat. An exception to this rule will hardly be found in the history of revolutions. However, the difference (and it is no slight one) lies in the fact that sometimes the defeat assumes the character of a *rout:* such for example were the June days, in 1848 in France, which put an end to the revolution; in other cases, however, the semi-defeat proves only a *stage toward victory:* such a role, for example, was played by the defeat of the Petrograd workers and soldiers in July, 1917. It was precisely the July defeat that accelerated the rise of the Bolsheviks, who were not only able to estimate correctly the situation without any illusions or embellishments but also did not break away from the masses during the most difficult days of failure, sacrifice, and persecution.

Yes, the conservative press is making a sober analysis of the situation. Finance capital with its auxiliary political and military organs cold-bloodedly prepares for revenge. Among the summits of the People's Front there is nothing except confusion and internal strife. The left newspapers are smothered in moral preachments. The leaders choke with phrases. The ministers vie to show the Bourse that they are mature statesmen. Together, all this implies that the proletariat will be drawn into the impending conflict not only *without* the leadership of its traditional organizations, as was the case in June, but also *against* them. But

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there is no generally recognized new leadership in existence as yet. Under such conditions one could hardly count upon immediate victory. An attempt to probe into the future would rather lead one to the following alternative: either June days, 1848, *or* July days, 1917. In other words: either a rout for many years to come, with the inevitable triumph of fascist reaction, or only a severe lesson in strategy as a result of which the working class will mature, renew its leadership, and prepare the conditions for future victory.

The French proletariat is no novice. It has behind it a great number of epoch-making struggles. True, the new generations have to learn each time from their own experience—but they do not begin from the beginning, nor do they learn everything all over again, but through an abbreviated course, as it were. The great tradition permeates the very marrow of the workers and facilitates the selection of the road. Already in June the anonymous leaders of the awakened class had found methods and forms of struggle with magnificent revolutionary tact. The molecular process of mass consciousness is not being suspended now for a single hour. All this enables us to conclude that the new layer of the leaders not only will remain true to the masses in the days of the inevitable and, probably, not far distant conflict, but will also be able to lead the inadequately prepared army from the battle without a rout.

It is not true that the revolutionists in France are allegedly interested in precipitating the conflict, or "artificially" provoking it. Only the dullest police minds are capable of thinking so. Marxist revolutionists see their duty in looking clearly into the face of reality and calling things by their names. To make a timely deduction from the objective situation concerning the prospectives of the second stage is to help the advanced workers not to be caught unawares, and to introduce as much clarity as possible into the consciousness of the struggling masses. In this consists at present the task of a serious political leaderhip.

The Blum Government—Second Phase

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, July 24.

AFTER barely eight weeks of the *Front Populaire* the enthusiasm which accompanied it into office has made room for a wave of deep discouragement. On the surface nothing untoward has happened. On the contrary. The component parties and groups are if anything more united than ever. The government has acted with vigor and dispatch, driving through both chambers more essential legislation in forty-odd days than its predecessors put on the statute books in an equal number of years. And yet I believe that I am reporting public sentiment faithfully when I say that the people—and particularly those who contributed to the left victory at the polls—are disenchanted. They feel that the government has carried out nearly every article of the *Front Populaire* program without carrying out the spirit; that its zeal came more from a desire to pacify the voters than from conviction; in a word, that the Blum Cabinet, instead of being the fighting government of their dreams, has turned out to be a set of brakes.

According to these critics, one saw this restraining temper of the ministry during the great strike. It stood by the workers loyally no doubt, and excused the occupation of the plants, but somewhat after the fashion of a law-abiding parent seeking to exculpate a too adventurous youngster who had got into a scrape. They do not exactly blame Blum and his colleagues. It is perhaps natural, they admit, that a government friendly and in debt to labor, and as it were responsible for it, should be somewhat irked by a strike movement whose ultimate form and consequences no man could foresee, coming at the very instant when it arrived in office. They also understand how it was that the government, moved by a complex of fears—of possible disorder, of stoppage in the public services, of famine and confusion, of a rift with the radicals and the middle classes whom they represent, of losing control, of weakening the defenses of the state in so fluid and dangerous an international atmosphere as the present one—exerted itself not to capitalize the magnificent *élan* of the workers and the vast popular enthusiasm behind it, not to ride the wave toward fundamental reforms in the state machine and the national economy, but to hold the movement within bounds. But they note with melancholy that it was a Socialist-led cabinet that responded in this way, and what is more serious, that having adopted this course it continued in it thenceforward as if by some flaw in temperament. Everything the new government has had to do since then has moved in the same halting, timid tempo. Vincent Auriol's approach to the financial problem, his compromising manner with the banks, the purely legalistic procedure in the decrees dissolving the leagues, and Blum's own attitude at Geneva; everything had a ready-made, superficially hearty and fictitious air of boldness, while in reality it was all quite pedestrian and usual, with more than half an eye on the classes that had something to lose by an upheaval.

When people speak of executing articles and neglecting the program, they have in mind specifically the government's failure to purge the administration of its intrenched foes. In North Africa Peyrouton, the fascist son-in-law of the "radical" Malvy, is still pro-consul, as if nothing at all had changed in Paris, though the whole left press, including Blum's own *Populaire,* roused by the riots and provocations and race-feuds down there, have for weeks been clamoring for his removal. Meanwhile in Marseilles and in Paris itself the "dissolved" leagues, paralyzed for a

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time by the seeming energy of the new team, have raised their heads again, and demonstrations unpleasantly reminiscent of the violent and bloody riots of January and February, 1934, occur almost daily. How is it to be otherwise when royalists, fascists, and reactionaries of every shade and stripe are left undisturbed in their posts—in police prefectures, in strategic bureaus, and in the very chancelleries of some of the ministers? Symbolically, it is true, Tannery has been removed from the governorship of the bank of France, and Guichard, the notorious Chiappe's lieutenant, no longer directs the municipal police. But it is precisely this symbolism that many of the most devoted friends of the *Front Populaire* find it hard to forgive the *Front Populaire* government. Indeed, it is forever leaning backward lest it be suspected of having revolutionary designs and thereby risk losing the confidence of the financial bigwigs. It has not only kept scrupulously within the constitution; it has hesitated to do a multitude of perfectly legal and indispensable things dictated by self-preservation, which its enemies fully expected it to do and would have respected it for doing. During the campaign, for instance, it was generally known that a number of prefects had improperly used their positions for partisan ends. The *Front Populaire* having won the elections despite their efforts, they were beginning to pack their bags. Everyone of the eighty-nine is today exactly where he was before April 26. So is every legation secretary, colonial administrator, and finance inspector appointed by Laval and his predecessors. Again, the *Action Française* carried on a violent, defamatory, panic-raising, and downright seditious campaign during the first week of the new government. Yet, though Maurras and his publisher had been twice convicted under the preceding administration on charges of incitement to murder, both of them are still at large. Last week Blum's own paper, the *Populaire,* published secret letters of Duke Pozzo di Borgo, La Rocque's former lieutenant, showing clearly that the Croix de Feu, though legally disbanded, are carrying on at the old stand. Has the duke or the count been put behind the bars for evading the law? Not that anyone knows of. And the young toughs arrested for bludgeoning policemen or political opponents are let off with trifling fines or suspended sentences or no penalty whatsoever, exactly as in the days of Chiappe and Guichard.

Sobered citizens who voted for the *Front Populaire* observe with profound discouragement that when the Socialist-led government decided to find a scapegoat for the disturbances of last month, they looked for it not among the royalists or fascists, who were openly alarming public opinion by campaigns of false news, but on the extreme left among the little band of Trotsky's fourth international. It reminds them of the German Social Democrats and Comrade Noske. "Why," they ask, "must left governments everlastingly go out of their way to placate the enemy instead of rendering him harmless as they were elected to do? What is there about socialists and radicals that causes them to become tamed and cowed the instant they take office? Why don't they retain in power at least a fraction of the audacity they exhibit in opposition?"

If ever there was a time and an opportunity for audacity it was last June. Seldom if ever in French history has a government come to power on such a wave of popular hope and enthusiasm as this one. To the millions who voted for the *Front Populaire* the union of the left forces meant one thing—to liquidate the past, to bury the dream of fascist dictatorship in France once and for all. Then, before the government was formed, came the great strike. It created an atmosphere that called for great and bold deeds. Without being revolutionary in origin, it blazed the trail for revolution. The oligarchy was stunned into a mood for large concessions. People compared the night of June 7 when the capital-labor agreements were signed at the Hotel Matignon to the historic August 4, 1789, when the nobles voluntarily relinquished their feudal privileges. During the following week or ten days there was scarcely any length to which the government could not have gone with the hearty approval of the country. Indeed, Jean Pivert, leader of the left-wing socialists, wrote an article in the *Populaire* captioned "Everything Is Possible." The next day his friend Leon Blum found him a post in the presidency of the Council and got him out of mischief; and the government, painfully mindful of its pledge to operate within the framework of the existing economic order, announced that the occupation of the plants was illegal, and let its historic opportunity pass. For a good while to come the government is condemned to parliamentary log-rolling and compromising for every inch of ground it wins.

I say the government: but in fact all the parties in the *Front Populaire,* including the Communists—I almost said, especially the Communists—were frightened by the bursting of the labor dam and threw themselves into the task of repairing the damage. It was not the radical press but the communist *Humanité* that answered Pivert in an editorial warning that "not everything is possible," and saying why: "We regard as impossible a policy which in the face of the Hitler menace would endanger the security of France for which the *Front Populaire* is responsible." Again, it was Maurice Thorez, the brilliant young leader of the Communists who, though he never questioned "the new legality" of the workers occupying their jobs, exhorted them to "know when to end a strike."

The *Front Populaire* has been at it for two months now and, urged on from beneath, it has opened fire on the vested interests—on the heavy industries, on the banks, on the *grande presse,* on the speculators in wheat, on big business generally. It has declared war, but, alas! it is not conducting hostilities with the utmost valor. Fearful of violating its pledge not to tamper with the capitalist order, it is endeavoring at once to tame the great beast and not to injure him. The enterprise seems at this writing a hopeless one, as Leon Blum was the first to anticipate. French capitalism is showing a hitherto unsuspected flexibility in mobilizing its combative resources. Where fascism has triumphed it has done so only after the militant forces of democracy had first unveiled their batteries in a faint-hearted and futile attempt to preserve both liberty and the existing economic order. Such a triumph is one of the great dangers ahead of the present French regime. But it is not the only one, or in my judgment the principal one.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WELL, well—just look at those railroad earnings for June! It actually begins to appear that a government official knew what was better for our rail-transportation companies than the railroads themselves. What a shame that is when the Eastern railway executives have not only berated the Interstate Commerce Commission for making such a drastic cut in passenger fares, but have actually, with the exception of the recreant Baltimore and Ohio, gone into the courts in the hope of having them overrule the commission's order. How will these railroads look in court if it can be shown that this harsh and mistaken action of the commission has actually resulted in largely increased passenger earnings? Yet passenger earnings must account for much of the 17.5 per cent increase in the gross income of the Class 1 roads for June, 1936, over that of June, 1935. Passenger earnings of the New York Central alone increased no less than $548,000, or 11.2 per cent, in June in spite of the drastic cuts.

Now I am well aware that even if the order of the commission had not been put into effect, there would have been a marked improvement in passenger earnings in June because of the increasing prosperity of the country. But I cannot believe that there would have been such an extraordinary increase—remember the new business offset the cuts in fares and then added 11.2 per cent more to the income—if the old fares had been maintained. Nor is the case of the Central an exception. Other roads, it is true, have not done quite as well. But here is the Baltimore and Ohio with a gain for June in passenger income of 16.7 per cent, 5 per cent more than its gain for the first six months of this year. Moreover, almost all the other railroads, excepting certain lame ducks or bankrupts, showed handsome increases in both freight and passenger earnings. It is interesting to note that the passenger earnings of the Northern Pacific Railroad for June show an increase of less than 5 per cent. This railroad like the other Western roads lowered its rates some time ago.

If anybody doubts that there has been a marked improvement in traffic since the change took effect let him go to the stations and see for himself or let him talk with any of the conductors he may happen to be traveling with. They will tell him that there have been great gains. They are the happier to say this because, according to my observation, the men in touch with the operating public have been entirely opposed to the policy of the railroad executives. I recall, for example, a talk about a year ago with an official on the New Haven railroad who was closely in touch with the traveling public. He told me that he and others had repeatedly recommended lowering of the fares because they were certain if that were done and the service speeded up, the railroad could compete successfully with the private automobile—for example, between New Haven and New York. It is now just as cheap, if not a little cheaper, for a man to take the train to places distant one hundred miles or more from New York as to drive in his car, whereas before the reduction he could make a saving of at least two dollars by using his own conveyance. In addition the passenger saves the strain of driving and gains that much time in which to read if he so desires. It is precisely the private motor car which has chiefly done the damage to the railroads; the bus competition has been far less serious. Yet the railroads have persistently refused to compete with the private automobile.

It is not merely the depression that has hurt the railroads. Far more important has been the dry rot which has permeated so many executive offices. The one idea has been to cut expenses, to lay off trains, and to discharge as many employees as possible. There has been no realization that railroads were in no different situation when hit by the depression than other keenly competitive enterprises with services to sell. The forward-looking executive in other lines cut his prices, sought to give better goods and to minister better to the needs of his customers. The railroads refused to adopt this policy except in a few instances. I know of a case in which the New Haven railroad lost a million pounds of freight a year because it would not undertake to haul and deliver this freight a distance of only ten miles, from one factory to another on the same line, under four or five days. The information comes to me from the head of the manufacturing company, who expressed to me his regret that the railroad's lack of enterprise had compelled him to buy trucks to deliver the goods from one factory to the other, which they easily do in about an hour.

It is hardly surprising that we have had to wait for the government to compel the railroads to act in the matter of passenger rates. The credit, I suppose, chiefly belongs to Joseph B. Eastman, the Coordinator of the roads and head of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Yet we are constantly told that if the government should take over the railroads we should face inevitable disaster. I note that Samuel O. Dunn, editor of *Railway Age,* in a recent address at Cedar Rapids, declared that there is "a spirit of initiative, cooperation, and determination among railway managers and employees that is unequaled in any other industry." Since when? Government ownership, he says, "will be avoided if the public will give the railroads a fair opportunity to regain their earning capacity and credit under private management." Perhaps. But there will have to be vastly better management than we have had in the past or have any reason to expect in the future.

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BROUN'S PAGE

ROY HOWARD, the statesman of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, has labored and brought forth a mountainous communication explaining why his papers must refuse to recognize the American Newspaper Guild although they have long had agreements with other A. F. of L. unions in their plants.

Here is the precise language of his message addressed to his employees on the *World-Telegram* and sent in advance to other newspaper owners to guide them in handling "the Guild problem."

"For about half a century this organization has fought for the right of labor to organize, choose its own representatives, and bargain collectively. . . . When the Guild movement first attracted attention, we hailed it both because we believed it was consistent with our principles, and because we thought that collective bargaining on a national scale would improve editorial working conditions and attract and keep better men in the profession. Our position on all these matters remains the same. But the Guild has injected new issues."

If I may have the privilege of interrupting Mr. Howard for a moment I would like to refresh his memory. The Guild was first started in Cleveland but I believe that Mr. Howard first heard of it through me. At the time I asked him, "What is your attitude going to be?"

"What do you mean what's my attitude going to be?" he said. "You're doing a very silly and evil thing in trying to get reporters into a union. Newspapermen don't belong in any kind of organization. That would rob them of their initiative and take the romance and glamour out of the newspaper business. Still I don't have to worry; this Guild will never get to first base. A good newspaperman will always want to go along under his own steam."

"Oh, I know all those arguments, Roy," I said. "I asked you what your attitude would be."

"Do you mean am I going to fire anybody or discriminate against anybody because he joins the Guild?"

"That's what I meant," I said.

"You ought to know me better than that, Heywood," he replied. "Newspapermen have a legal and a moral right to organize if they're foolish enough to do so and I'm not going to fire or push anybody around or get mad at anybody. I don't suppose I've got any right to get mad at you. I should have known what sort of a fellow you were when I hired you—a man who's always going to be interested in any goddam thing but his job."

Later Roy Howard met a Guild committee and said flatly that under no circumstances would he sign any sort of agreement except with his own employees. In all fairness to Mr. Howard I do not know of any case of a *World-Telegram* employee being fired for Guild activity. I think some have been pushed around a little but that may be my imagination. I go into these things at some length because the publishers are creating a fiction that they welcomed the Guild in the beginning and drew away from it later because it became too rambunctious. It was never welcomed by the publishers. But let Mr. Howard talk again:

"By a recorded vote of 83 to 5, taken at its 1936 convention, the Guild stands finally committed to a policy borrowed from the mechanical trades, the effect of which is that nobody who is not committed by membership to the policies of the Guild can be employed in editorial production. The *Guild Reporter* of June 15, 1936, records further resolutions condemning the two existing political parties, recommending 'independent political action on the part of labor' and 'cooperation (by Guilds and officers) with local and state-wide farmer-labor parties and with other labor groups for the purpose of providing independent political action of labor.'

"The effect of these actions, taken together, is that nobody can write for a newspaper who is not of the Guild, and nobody can be loyal to the Guild who is not committed against both of the political parties of which 90 per cent of our population are members. . . . It is along this line that minority pressure groups have proceeded in Italy, Russia, and Germany with a resultant destruction of free and independent journalism."

Now Roy Howard knows very well that free press under Hitler and under Mussolini was not destroyed by the labor unions. He knows perfectly well that the Guild includes Democrats, Townsendites, Constitutional Democrats, Socialists, Prohibitionists, Communists, and maybe a few Republicans. The resolution to which Mr. Howard refers spoke of a "lower-case" farmer-labor party. It was the expression of a hope that some day a party might be formed which would undertake as one of its chief objects the protection of the rights of reporters and other workers. If such a party came into being a majority of delegates felt it should be endorsed. A member who thought otherwise would remain in 100 per cent good standing.

Again Mr. Howard is inaccurate in saying that the Guild has asked for a closed shop in which only Guild members can be employed. The Guild would like to get a shop in which the management could hire whomsoever it pleased with the proviso that at the end of a stipulated period that person must become a member of the Guild. The *Evening Post* which has operated under this system for more than a year has made the largest circulation gains of any newspaper in the evening field in New York.

Scripps-Howard editors meet every Presidential year to decide which candidate to support. Editorial employees might very well want to have the same privilege. They might be loath to take political advice from an editor, even though he be a great liberal like Roy Howard, who thinks and talks in terms of "the two existing political parties." We might think of other possibilities and reject Roy Howard's regimentation. Newspaper workers must choose between being gelded or guilded.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

IT BROADENS THE MIND

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I SAILED on the Holland America line. Forty-eight hours out, or just about the time one usually gets over feeling that one would just as soon not know anyone on *this* boat, I met a Dutch bulb merchant who delighted me. He had spent much time in America and admired us greatly—especially our wit. For the first three years, he said, he did not understand it but was now keenly appreciative. Pressed for examples that had especially delighted him, he gave two. One was the notice posted in a small resort hotel:

> We'll keep your car
> And watch your baby
> But don't ask credit
> And we don't mean maybe.

The other was a sign in a fish store: "If it swims we have it." Too bad that the foreigners who write books about us usually do not understand our culture.

In Paris the strike begins suddenly and proceeds with the greatest calm. One wonders what has become of "the red fool fury of the Seine" and, if one is an American, when the strikebreakers will be brought in. A French Communist acquaintance who mistakes my comment on the lack of violence for a reproach assures me earnestly that all revolutions begin thus and that the blood will flow in good time. For the moment at least, it doesn't. Here and there a red flag goes up over some factory building alongside of the tricolor but a municipal body decides that the red flag is not the flag of a foreign power; it is only a symbol susceptible of various interpretations. Sometimes it merely means "Danger." One violent controversy does rage, but it is over the question of whether or not the male and female workers shut up in the factories for the night do or do not form amorous attachments. *Humanité* states indignantly that revolutionary workers are always chaste. La Fouchardière in *L'Oeuvre* hopes that they are not. Looking down from a bridge over the Seine at a life-saving boat one sees a large inscription chalked on the deck: "The crew of this boat is on strike. It is forbidden to throw one's self into the water."

Epitaph for a bad poet published in a Parisian newspaper: *"Les vers se venge."* Surely that must have been thought of before now.

In a large cafe-restaurant on the left bank there is a very pretty young girl who floats about from group to group and is obviously at home there. "Who do you suppose she is?" asks one American. "I think I saw her on the bill-of-fare," says the other, pointing to an item: "Tarte Maison."

At the Reform Club in London a member points out to me a historic spot. It is a large marble star in the floor of the huge entrance hall. Smoking is forbidden, but there, on his first visit, Arnold Bennett—who had somehow got elected despite the fact that he was not a gentleman—planted himself in the exact center of the hall with a huge cigar in his mouth and his thumbs in his pockets. He was dressed in a checked suit with canary-colored sweater. Old members gathered in excited groups in each of the four corners but nothing was done about it.

From everyone I have talked to in London, no matter what his political opinions, I get the impression that England has been losing her nerve. Many Americans "fear Germany" but they have no conception of the immediacy of that fear as the Englishman feels it, nor do they, as he does, contemplate the possibility of actual conquest in the near future. England has lost the old sense that she is invincible. She had been losing it bit by bit for several years and the collapse of sanctions was the final blow, not only to pride but to self-confidence as well. And the most significant fact is that her people are united in their humiliation it in nothing else. Except for the comparatively small group of pure and thorough-going pacifists, no one can put the blame squarely on anyone else. So far as the conservatives are concerned, it was their own government which imposed and then lifted sanctions. And the Liberals who supported them in the beginning hesitate now to say that they would have been willing to fight the war which they cannot categorically deny stiffer sanctions would have brought. It is not a pleasant thing to have one's bluff called. It is no pleasanter to be compelled to wonder whether or not the bluff would have worked if it had been pushed a little further, and to fear that there was not enough to back it up with.

Entomological note: Going up in the hotel elevator my companion brushes something from her sleeve. Unaware of the horrible implications of the Americanism she remarks, "A lady-bug," to the horror of the elevator man, who obviously does not understand how anyone could imply so damning a charge in so casual a manner. He makes a careful examination and exhales a sigh of relief. "Oh, it's only one of them butterflies."

Item in the "Personals" column of the London *Times* for June 30, 1936: "In Memoriam: Ernst Roehm."

Bertrand Russell asked me why Roosevelt hesitates to solve his problems by stuffing the Supreme Court with new judges. Until he told me, I did not know that exactly the

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same expedient was resorted to in England at the time of the peace of Utrecht when the king appointed new peers until he had a majority in the House of Lords. Twice since a threat to use the same methods did the trick.

While I was in London Salvadore Dali gave a lecture on surrealism before a large and very fashionable audience. He was dressed in a deep-sea-diver's costume and flanked on each side by wolfhounds. I did not go, though I am very fond of dogs.

Coming back on the Brittanic we had the movie about the Dionne babies and life in the lumber camps. It was good, but I could not help thinking that at the very same moment men in lumber camps were probably looking at movies about people who cross the ocean on big liners. The moral of this may occur to me later.

Also on the boat we got wireless news that some hospital assistant in Russia had been sentenced to ten years imprisonment for a fatal mistake in injecting a serum. The thing is understandable enough, but it illustrates the tendency to be brutal toward one type of offender when one is lenient toward another. Are there any arguments against the tendency of society to revenge itself upon law breakers which would not be equally applicable to the new Russian tendency to take revenge on the inefficient? Will this unfortunate gentleman be any more trustworthy after a stay in jail? Or is it, like the execution of Admiral Byng, *pour encourager les autres?*

A Latin epigram translates something like this:

"Marcellus does not seem to be much improved by travel."

"Well, he had himself for company."

Axle Song

BY MARK VAN DOREN

That any thing should be—
Place, time, earth, error—
And a round eye in man to see:
That was the terror.

And a true mind to try
Cube, sphere, deep, short, and long—
That was the burden of the sky's
Hoarse axle song.

Improbable the stoat—
The mouse, toad, worm, wolf, tiger;
Unthinkable the stallion's trot,
Behemoth's swagger.

Unspeakable; yet worse—
Name, look, feel, memory, and number:
Man there with his perverse
Power not to slumber.

Let things created sleep—
Rock, beast, rain, sand, and sliding river.
So growled the earth's revolving heap;
And will forever.

BOOKS

The American Child-Soul

SELECTED POEMS OF VACHEL LINDSAY. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

AFTER reading Edgar Lee Masters's biography of Lindsay, it would be easy to say that the present selection of poems is a document of tragic history. It would seem that the verse collected here has its logical conclusion in suicide; but the actual pity of it lies in its lack of tragic fulfillment, its lack of resolution in phrase and content; one must at last read "pathos" for "tragedy," read "pity" for "grief," and set down more often than not the merits of facility rather than felicity.

It may seem strange to think of Lindsay as a fragmentary poet, to think of him (who, as the dust jacket reminds us, "reached a larger audience than any other modern poet") as inarticulate, at times obscure, essentially misunderstood, incomplete, unfinished. It was his misfortune never to know precisely what he was saying; he was never to draw a clear line between fancy and imagination and was never to recognize his natural confusion in an equal admiration for George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Robert E. Lee, Abraham Lincoln, Whitman, Emerson, Bryan, Altgeld, Johnny Appleseed, and Mary Pickford. He saw in each (perceptively enough) significant reference to a pioneer America; and he saw them all related to a past that was already dying as were "the flower-fed buffaloes of the spring." To sustain his lack of discrimination in the use of word as well as symbol, he clung to the cult of child-worship:

> For every soul is a circus,
> And every mind is a tent
> And every heart is a sawdust ring
> Where the circling race is spent.

The images of the mind as a tent, the heart as a sawdust ring are, of course, among the curious fancies that drifted through Lindsay's mind. They are not, however, poetry, and because they are not, defeat their purpose as convincing propaganda for bigger and better circuses to keep alive the child-soul of Lindsay's America.

Mr. Masters's biography furnishes adequate psychiatric explanation as to why Lindsay till his death at fifty-two refused to mature and why his only answer to a hostile world was a retreat into the dreams of adolescence. The case history, however, would be quite unimportant if it did not extend to the relationship of the poet to his work. Yet Lindsay as poet was to exhibit the same behavior; he was to justify his esthetic by the immediate responses of those who heard him read. He became a poet whose art depended upon one-night-stand performances; he was to be seen and heard, not read, or, if read at all, read once, preferably aloud, the reader following each stage direction written on the margin of the page. From here onward the importance of Lindsay's audience emerges. He was to tramp the country making his appeal to the people of America's lower middle class, to farmers' wives, to club women; and in the back of his mind remained the images of his father and mother, the Campbellite church, his high-school teacher. It was to these he spoke, making them uneasy because he was neither business man nor preacher, but perhaps an artist, spelled with a capital A, perhaps someone who sought for beauty with a capital B. He had trained himself to

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listen for the *immediate* response, the quick, loud hand-clap, the laughter, the almost visible thrill of fear to "Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you," and the repetition of the lines would intensify the effect upon a first-night audience. I think I do not exaggerate when I say that it is likely that Lindsay expended more energy in the recitation of his verse than in the writing of it. It was literally a one-man show; Lindsay as dramatist, actor, poet, barker, artist, propagandist for a horse-and-buggy, Campbellite-Swedenborgian, child-like America all in one. It must be remembered that he had written most convincingly of Bryan, the boy orator, the best of all his American heroes, and it was toward Bryan's æsthetic that Lindsay moved. The music of the old-fashioned brass band, the music of the "kallyope" was the kind of music Lindsay attempted to restore (if not preserve) in poetry. He hated jazz as bitterly as Byron resented the popularity of the waltz; he wrote "a curse for the saxophone." The object of his long crusade was to capture the respect, the admiration of Springfield, Illinois, the town where he was born: he made little pen-and-ink sketches of Springfield as the center of the universe; he tried to think of Springfield (and not very successfully) as the ideal city set at the heart of a Swedenborgian democracy. His failure was a pathetic fallacy in verse as well as in philosophy.

To reread Lindsay one must look for fragments of poetry scattered throughout the many poems, the few happy phrases which are likely to remain as catch words of a midwestern pioneer culture: "flower-fed buffalo," "factory windows are always broken," "pitchfork Tillman and sledge-hammer Altgeld," "lean-rat Platt," and with these the Biblical reference in the language of the Bible Belt, "Here comes Jonah and the whale, and the *Sea!*" For the rest one becomes increasingly aware that Lindsay's efforts to revive an American past were ineffectual: "General William Booth [who by the way was not an American] Enters Heaven" remains a successful tour de force; and something of the same strength is to be rediscovered perennially in "The Congo." There is little doubt, I think, that the best of Lindsay's work will remain as museum pieces in any future history of American pioneer culture. These, like the cigar-store Indians of a half century ago, will be unearthed to be forgotten and then unearthed again. Then there will be neither grief nor pity for Lindsay's self-destruction: and for the man as well as the poet there will be something of the same emotion he once felt for Bryan:

> Where is that boy . . .
> That Homer Bryan who sang from the West?

HORACE GREGORY

The Freudian Technique

TWENTIETH CENTURY PSYCHIATRY. By William A. White. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.

PRACTICAL ASPECTS OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Lawrence Kubie. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago when the bright young psychiatrists—not to mention the even brighter and younger novelists, poets, and biographers—of America were mouthing his tentative new doctrine as though it were a holy creed, Sigmund Freud viewed his votaries with a slight skepticism. Such idolatrous and uncritical enthusiasm might, he was afraid, hinder rather than help the gradual maturation of his theories in this country. From these two books, both written by early disciples, one may judge how prophetic his skepticism has proved to be.

Psychoanalysis as a literary technique has already been replaced by more direct and simple methods, but psychoanalysis as a therapeutic technique remains the most important tool of practicing psychiatrists. And here two outstanding members of that profession give us their personal estimates of how efficient the instrument is. Dr. White, who does not confine himself to Freudianism alone but discusses mental hygiene and the social and philosophical aspects of psychiatry as well, is cautious in his evaluation. Psychoanalysis, he points out, has not yet superseded all other possible methods of dealing with mental disorders. Specifically, it is still of little use to the institutional physicians who must treat the truly malignant psychoses. But when applied to the simpler neuroses—the worries and anxieties and fears and phobias which beset and subconsciously bedevil more normal men and women—it usually produces results. And that, he thinks, is justification enough. Psychoanalysis may not be a science, but it is a highly successful pragmatic technique. "The fact happens to be that patients who are subjected to this procedure do get well."

This statement seems modest and fair enough until one ponders it critically; then doubts arise. How many patients do get well? How well do they become? What is the criterion of their wellness? And who are its judges? Dr. White does not answer these more practical questions in detail, but Dr. Kubie does—definitely, emphatically, and with a superbly naive arrogance. There is not space here to give all of his arguments, but briefly they are these:

Everyone who is correctly analyzed by a properly trained Freudian must get well. If he does not seem to improve, that is because no one except the analyst knew how sick he was in the first place. If he actually does get worse instead of better, that is in no sense the analyst's responsibility but the fault of either the stubborn patient, his interfering family, his unsympathetic friends, or that old bogey-man, his family doctor. Therefore, there are only two possible judges of any single analysis: the physician who performs it and, eventually, the patient who is satisfied with its outcome. No one else—not even another psychiatrist—has the right to evaluate it, for no one else could possibly understand what it was all about.

That being the situation as Dr. Kubie sees it, the conscientious analyst must delegate to himself certain rights of his "patients" which few self-respecting persons would willingly give up. He must, in the first place, "convince" them that they need to be analyzed. Then, when he sees fit, he must advise them to leave their homes, throw up their jobs, change their family doctors, and divorce their wives. And, most important of all, he must persuade each one of them that a good analysis is always worth at least $3,000, which must be paid at once even though the paying may mean exhausting many years' savings or borrowing against a possible future inheritance.

It is perhaps unfortunate that Dr. Kubie's book should be considered in close relationship to Dr. White's, for the latter makes an idealistic plea to the practicing analyst to look searchingly into his own procedures and "with that rare, unprejudiced, critical ability which is part of the well trained, well balanced scientific mind . . . go forward with his researches unhampered by any other motive than the search for truth." Yet Dr. Kubie as a practicing analyst, and a highly successful one (he is on the staff of both the New York Neurological Institute and the College of Physicians and Surgeons), proves himself far less able to assume the impersonal, disinterested attitude of a scientist than are any of the "faith healers" whom he denounces so righteously. Of that "wishful thinking" about which the Freudians talk so glibly Dr. Kubie's smug justification of the shoddy practices of his craft is one of the most flagrant examples on record.

GRACE ADAMS

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A Hamilton of South Africa

GENERAL SMUTS. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Volume I. Little, Brown, and Company. $3.50.

JAN SMUTS belongs to the fabulous species of "great men" who appear but occasionally and according to no easily recognizable law. Exemplars of the species are commonly supposed to fascinate by their defects as by their virtues, and Miss Millin, interviewing "supporters and opponents" of Smuts in South Africa, found them "equally puzzled by something outside precedent." It becomes clear during the course of this volume, however, that opponents at the Cape outnumber the supporters and have managed during the last twenty years to relegate Smuts to a place of secondary importance. And Miss Millin, though worshipping without false shame, is by no means too hypnotized to overlook the shortcomings of her hero.

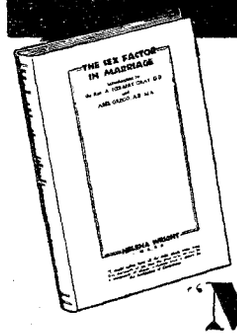
The truth is, perhaps, that Smuts was essentially a religious man nourishing his soul on the Old Testament and recognizing no yardstick but his own Puritan conscience. It was his characteristic belief that "the Greeks were only beautiful youths, but the Jews were always men—strong, unyielding men." He was the first to concede his own lack of taste or humor, and besides making it a point to abstain from drinking, smoking, and card-playing, abhorred dancing and hunting from his youth. More seriously, he had almost no capacity for human contact and felt embarrassed even in the presence of his children: "I am what newspapers would call a distinguished stranger to them." In matters of statesmanship he consulted no one and in the field informed no one of his intentions. When the occasion demanded the use of military force to break a strike or execute a traitor, his simple justification in the face of popular outcry was his "duty." It need hardly be pointed out that such men, while they often may have been outstanding, are never representative of their peoples, and are dangerous to be trusted as leaders.

It is significant that, of all Americans, Smuts seems to admire most Alexander Hamilton, for his own tragedy bears a definite similarity to that of Hamilton. Fired by a vision of South Africa's awakening and seeing the world through the eyes of Cecil Rhodes, he rallied to the cause of his backward people at the news of the Jameson raid. The war subsequently proved the young Cambridge-trained lawyer a military leader of the first rank. Three years after the peace of Vereeniging he went to England and received the fiercely demanded but unhoped for gift: self-government for the Transvaal. Like Hamilton, he then pushed on toward the unification of South Africa, became its first Minister of Finance, and proceeded to run the cabinet of General Botha. When his usefulness there was at an end, he took up the conquest of the German colonies, as thoroughly convinced of the iniquitousness of German imperialism as he was of the righteousness of the British. It brought him no new popularity at the Cape, but in England he was feted as no foreign statesman had been, and invited to sit in Lloyd George's war cabinet. The role he was to play at Versailles—how he was to fall completely under the spell of another "great" American—is too well known for rehearsal here.

The problem of Smut's political career is essentially the problem of leadership and modern imperialism today. As such, Miss Millin's almost too well written biography—the second volume of which has still to be published in this country—should prove of more than incidental contemporary interest.

PETER OLDEN

The SEX FACTOR IN MARRIAGE



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Biography and Romance

DANTON, DICTATOR OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Hermann Wendel. Yale Press. $3.75.

BEAUMARCHAIS, ADVENTURER IN THE CENTURY OF WOMEN. By Paul Frischauer. The Viking Press. $3.50.

ARGUMENTS about the right way to write history are no doubt very entertaining for they never seem to stop and the "new" history is regularly rediscovered every twenty-three years. Occasionally, however, one comes across two or three books in rapid succession which, belonging to the same category of history-writing, nevertheless diverge so widely in their effect that all questions of method or fashion sink into irrelevance.

The two volumes under review provide just such an experience. They are both biographies of the newest new kind, with novelistic passages recreated by means of the authors' imagination; they are both about figures closely connected with the French Revolution; and they are both written by German scholars who show considerable erudition. This coincidence makes one feel that a contrast is not unjust, for the two works are alike save in the single respect under consideration: their effect. One work is a plausible biography; the other is mainly fanciful nonsense.

Mr. Wendel's book about Danton is fittingly inscribed to the spirit of Georg Büchner, the neglected German dramatist of the Romantic period whose play about Danton was revealed to the world at large some ten years ago by Max Reinhardt, and whose complete works have been recently issued in English by the Viking Press. In his conception of the pock-marked lawyer who went in for daring, Mr. Wendel owes much to Büchner. For his elaboration of the figure living through day-to-day events of volcanic magnitude he must thank only his own keen sense of political realities. One may be tempted to quarrel with the anachronism of the idea of modern dictatorship, transported backward into French revolutionary times, when telephone, telegraph, newspapers, and radio were unluckily wanting. At the same time, Mr. Wendel possesses a vigorous yet accurate style as well as a decent respect for the facts painfully extracted from the mass of archives by the labors of Hamel, Aulard, and Mathiez. His "effect," in other words, has the right to call itself an interpretation. In the great swinging quarrel between Robespierrists and Dantonists, the author holds his balance creditably. Indeed he breaks down only in the description of Danton's wife, about whom he feels it necessary to produce some very fifth-rate pathos of no authenticity whatsoever.

Mr. Frischauer had in a sense a more difficult task, for Beaumarchais was never a foreground figure. Whether he was "an adventurer in the century of women" or not is hard to tell. I for one have not the remotest idea what the phrase means. The book itself gives no enlightment on that score, men and women occurring in it in the normal ratio, but—to make up for this obscurity—it is all too clear that Mr. Frischauer's biographical gift should exercise itself solely on the heroes of the Monte Carlo game-room and the figures of the secret service. That aspect of Beaumarchais's career—spying and speculation—has unjustly colored for the author the entire life of his subject. The result is an atmosphere of padded footsteps and secret panels behind which people count heaps of gold. This may also explain perhaps why the book is bound in a sort of leather cunningly worked to imitate cloth. Almost all the general allusions to the events of the times are erroneous and the later eighteenth century is reduced to the outworn conventionality of petty intrigues. Romanced biography, like veridicous history, demands imagination, but the worth of the one as of the other depends upon the quality of that ingredient. In creating out of the blue Mr. Frischauer is below Dumas, and in deviating into absurdity he is beyond Carlyle.

JACQUES BARZUN

Shorter Notices

THANKSGIVING BEFORE NOVEMBER. By Norman Macleod. New York: The Parnassus Press. $2.

The facts about Mr. Macleod's second book resemble those about his first, "Horizons of Death," published something over a year ago. His talent is positive; his subjects are genuine and deeply felt; and his subjects are enacted in fresh idioms. Each volume contains fifteen or so successful short poems, and in both books the most successful poems are those which combine emotion about people with emotion about landscape. In each, likewise, combinations of statement and image achieve a mood. Beyond the mood, and the uncertain excitements of implication to which the mood is limited, his success has not gone so far. His more ambitious poems—those that struggle to represent the ultimate, the actual—are comparative failures. Mr. Mcleod is at that critical stage in the career of talent beyond which most poets never pass. It is the crisis of choice of direction. He has to choose between the infinite drudgery of craft which gives poetry its maximum actuality and what is in the end the worse drudgery of letting the poetic impulse run down—as his worst poems do—in language conceived as a medium of personal expression. Mr. Mcleod's most urgent need at present is that of a form external to the form in which his moods find him. In the labor to find form lies the only hope his poetry has for maturity. R. P. BLACKMUR

STRANGE HOUSES. By Cora Jarrett. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

With flyleaf quotations from Pareto, Hawthorne, and Poe, a pretentious "Forward in Praise of the Hypothetical," and enough remarks about Boris Sidis, Morton Prince, and William James to show that Mrs. Jarrett has been reading up on her psychology, one embarks on this Sunday School excursion into the domain of the double personality with a certain degree of hope. But by the time one has been introduced to the bashfully brilliant psychiatrist, Clifford Rearfield, the weakly delicate Vera MacAndrew (who bruises her heart with every lump in her throat), to say nothing of the tycoon, Rodney Breen (whose plutocratic beneficence would flatter even a Liberty Leaguer), one begins to blush at man's awesome goodness. And when one reads of "ladies of station," and comes on gentlemanly dialogue like "Confound you, Rearfield," or "I can't repeat to you what she said. It was sacred," then there is nothing left but to reach for a handkerchief and a bag of sachet. If, however, one has the stamina to suffer Mrs. Jarrett's sentimental snobbery long enough to rouse up a "terrifying sense" of the "essential mysteriousness" of the emotionally askew, then ultimately one may revel in a plot whose studied intricacy would grace a Gothic romance. When "Strange Houses" is presently cut and dramatized—as it doubtless will be—to fit the Hollywood horror mold, then it can be criticized on its proper level. As it is written it can be taken seriously only by those "ladies of breeding" who are fearful (like Mrs. Jarrett) of "it's getting too grim for my light touch."

LEIGH WHITE

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CLANSMEN. By Ethel Boileau. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Dedicated to "all Scots in exile," this novel is written as a reminder of Scotland's great national past and as a tribute to the ancient though sadly declining virtues of the clan spirit. In a prologue which summarizes the history of the Stuart family from 1747 to 1900 Miss Boileau sketches the gradual extinction of the clan as a formal institution. The moral of the tale would appear to be that a fixed difference in social station, instead of being incompatible with ideals of brotherhood, loyalty, and sacrifice, is indeed a condition for these virtues. Alan Stuart is a captain in the army, Hector, his kinsman and servant, a private; Alan rides ponies in India, Hector grooms them; Alan lords it over Ardbreck, Hector is a devoted retainer; Alan marries the girl, and his clansman murders her blackmailer. The supreme gesture is made by Hector when he withholds from his Highland chieftain the knowledge that they are brothers by illegitimacy. To reinforce the moral, several violently unskilful thrusts are made at the Labor Party and the Soviet Union, whose supporters are invariably identified with sex-careless gin-sots. Miss Boileau possesses a tireless talent for commercial success—her "A Gay Family" crowded the best-seller lists—and she has left no secret of popular fiction unmolested. The prologue satisfies a taste for chronicle, the wordy enthusiasm over Scottish mists and tweed engages our travel curiosity, and the political aberrations give a contemporary lift to the sure-fire themes of family conflict, kinsman loyalty, and triumphant love. SAMUEL SILLEN

GREEK LYRIC POETRY: FROM ALCMAN TO SIMONIDES. By C. M. Bowra. Oxford University Press. $7.50.

Like all good poetry Greek lyric verse of the seventh and sixth centuries was precise in its imagery. Because we have only fragments of it, and because we know so little of the life and thought of the period, its finer allusions escape the uninstructed reader. He requires a guide who is at the same time a literary critic, a philologist, and a historian. Possessing all these qualifications, Mr. Bowra, a fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, is able to throw new light upon many a well-known passage, such as this from Alcman: "No longer, maidens with honey tones and voices of desire, can my limbs carry me. Would, ah would, that I were a kingfisher, who flies with the halcyons over the flower of the waves, having a fearless heart, the holy sea-blue bird." This no longer appears as merely the vague expression of romantic desire for youth and escape when it is pointed out that, according to a piece of ancient bird lore, the male halcyon when old was believed to be carried on the wings of his females, and that the poem was possibly addressed to a chorus of maidens called the Halcyons. It becomes a tissue of ingeniously woven references, each with a specific object. By similar means Mr. Bowra is able to individualize the old poets. Ibycus, for example, emerges as a metaphysical poet who "describes an abstract and subjective situation in metaphors drawn from life," and Simonides appears not as a platitudinous moralizer but as a revolutionary critic of aristocratic values. Of special relevance to current discussions is the treatment of Greek poetry in relation to its social and political background, which determined its two main divisions. Thus choral poetry found its home in Dorian lands, where "the individual was less important than his clan or city"; the monody or personal lyric on the other hand, flourished in Ionia, "where there was no great tradition of communal experience." PHILIP BLAIR RICE

FILMS

The Dove and the Falcon

ELIZABETH Tudor wrote a letter, after Mary Stuart had fled from Scotland, saying that she could not "slay the dove which, pursued by a falcon, has flown to me for help." It was she, of course, not John Knox, who was the falcon and she had every intention of slaying the dove. This powerful figure has become, in "Mary of Scotland" (Music Hall) a petulant harpy. Dudley Nichols—one presumes the scenarist is responsible—has reduced her from history's and Maxwell Anderson's practiced, Machiavellian ruler of the flighty and jealous step-sister of Mary Stuart's Cinderella. Mr. Nichols had the story-teller's right to tamper with history—in detail the film is actually more accurate than the play—but what did he hope to gain by the change? If he intended by reducing Elizabeth's stature to raise Mary's, so that Miss Hepburn could really be the star, he has not done so. Miss Hepburn is the star, all right, but her Mary Stuart reminds one of nothing so much as her Babbie in "The Little Minister"—both are Scottish, in love, and that's all. If Elizabeth's proportions had been retained Mary would have become interesting if only because of what she had to contend with. Her troubles make an unusually long film, but it is typical that the revelation of their source, when the two queens meet at the end, instead of the fine climax it should have been, is, like the characters, feeble.

As an object the film makes an impressive appearance. But good-looking movies are as common as good-looking movie stars in America; both are matters of re-shooting until the best aspect is photographed, and Hollywood still has the best equipment for the job. Excellent technicians are common; sumptuous production, in good taste, like that which Pandro S. Berman has given this picture, is becoming almost as common. What is not common is superior story-telling. "The Informer," a film which lacked the familiar *looks* to such an extent that most people thought it foreign, proved the abilities of director John Ford and scenarist Dudley Nichols as story-tellers, but they have not repeated their performance here.

To the defect of Mr. Nichols which I have suggested is added the further one of undistinguished diction. He has stated that Mr. Anderson's verse was eschewed because it might sound "stilted" on the screen, but the few lines which

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strike the ear with force are those retained from the play. Mr. Ford's chief fault lies in allowing production details—settings, costumes, stars—to submerge the story, and in his dependence on devices which worked in "The Informer," to click mechanically again: the Dublin street-singer sings a Scottish air and this time is altogether phony; the People are represented by portraits of "types" who are decorative and unreal, unlike the Irish citizens. But his talent is nonetheless evident. The first good filmic moment comes when Bothwell's pipers drown out Knox's tirade against Mary with their "own bags of wind": the waves of sound begin far outside the courtyard and gradually swell the frame of the screen as the pipers march in, until Knox's roar has become pantomime. The use of "stage" lighting to achieve fadeouts is quite effective in at least two instances: when Huntly in answer to Darnley's "What shall I do?" tosses a dagger on the table and the room darkens until only the glistening blade is visible; and in the trial scene when Mary, who has stood in defiance of the judges, sinks in defeat on to a stool and lights sink with her.

Miss Hepburn as Mary, like the picture, makes an impressive appearance. The choice of Florence Eldridge as Elizabeth is a piece of casting worthy of the scenarist's concept; she wears a sour look, talks loudly and indistinctly, and when she isn't shaking a fan in someone's face scrutinizes her own in a mirror. Fredric March shows surprising vigor after his recent lethargic performances; Douglas Walton as the effeminate Darnley is catarrhal and embarrassing; and John Carradine, as an Iago-like Rizzo, lurks expertly. The music, in the main sentimentalized versions of simple Scottish airs, compares curiously with the short snatch of harpsichord dance-tune at the Elizabethan court.

ROBERT GIROUX

Current Releases

GYPSIES (Cameo): Battle of wits between a crafty gypsy chief and craftier *kolkhoz* officials. All done in good humor, with delightful acting—especially that of Alexander Granach, a German exile, as Danilo the chief. The photography, like the production, is uneven but such shots as the panoramic views of the gypsy caravan and such scenes as the soliloquy of Yudko (N. Mordvinov) in the wheat field and the duel with whips in the forest, the antics of Senka (P. Sanin) and Granach's performance make it a film decidedly worth seeing.

I WAS A CAPTIVE OF NAZI GERMANY (Globe): The document of Isobel Steele, made with bad actors and worse equipment. Unlikely to persuade anyone who is not already convinced Germany has an oppressive government.

RECORDS

THE readers of this column are, I assume, interested in the music that is sometimes designated as "cultivated"—the word designating the complexity and subtlety both of the tonal construction and of the feeling which is crystalized in the tonal construction. They are interested in this music as it is performed by artists who, in their shaping of the phrase or of the larger structure, reveal qualities of musical taste, sensitiveness, feeling and imagination that are impressive in their own right. And I wish to speak of a type of popular music that has similar claims to interest—a type known as "hot." I will assume that jazz, to most of these readers, means a tune by Gershwin or Kern or Porter, in a slick performance by one of the well publicized bands like Whiteman's, or a more actively offensive performance by people like Duchin and Green. The popular music I wish to speak of is different—the difference being in the performance; and it deserves attention, not because it is the American equivalent of a Mozart symphony or the material from which such an equivalent will be derived—in other words, not as cultivated music, which it is not, but solely as popular music, and because within the emotional and structural limitations of popular music it exhibits qualities of musical taste, sensitiveness, feeling, and imagination that are impressive.

Consider, for example, a performance of "I Surrender, Dear" by Red Norvo and his Swing Septet on Columbia 2977-D (I give the name of the band only to identify the record; the personnel behind the name may change with each recording session). In this performance there are two statements of a tune that comprises four eight-measure phrases in the pattern *a a b a.* The trombone plays the first two phrases, and plays them quite as the composer wrote them, with only occasional and slight ornamental turns and flourishes that are part of the player's own playing style. The saxophone continues with *b,* and the trombone returns to conclude not with *a,* but with a phrase improvised by the player to fit into *a's* place, into its harmonic setting and entire context. And here we have a distinguishing characteristic of this type of performance: When Schnabel plays Beethoven, his feeling and taste operate within the limits set by Beethoven's printed directions for performance—directions that specify the pitch and duration of notes and their loudness; and though we hear Beethoven through the mind of Schnabel, nevertheless it is essentially Beethoven that we hear; Schnabel's performance is merely interpretive. But the trombonist we have just heard produced something new; his playing of the last phrase constituted an exercise of the inventive skill and taste of a creative musician; and how considerable these can be, on the musical level on which they operate, one may hear in what follows. Throughout the first statement of the tune one's ear has been caught by exquisite bits of ornamental figuration from the piano; and now, when the trombone has finished, the piano improvises, for the first two phrases of the second statement, a solo of astonishing richness and subtlety of tone and rhythm—after which the clarinet plays a variant of the saxophone's *b,* and the xylophone (Norvo) improvises a new concluding phrase.

The pianist is Teddy Wilson, a Negro, outstanding among players of this type for the richness of his style, his imagination and subtlety, his feeling for rhythm and sense of form—all of which one can hear in other performances by groups under Norvo: "The Night is Blue" and "With All My Heart and Soul" on Columbia 3026-D, and "Blues in E flat" on Columbia 3079-D; in a performance of "Louisiana Fairy Tale" by a band under Taft Jordan on Perfect 16102; and in two performances of "Some Day, Sweetheart" that illustrate another important characteristic of this type of music. In the Norvo performances one notices the extraordinary aliveness of the playing—an aliveness of the instruments in relation to one another, and particularly of the accompanying instruments in relation to the solo instrument of the moment. Important in this connection is the size of the band: it is small enough for the players to think and feel together, to be stimulated and affected by one another in their playing. And so Wilson's playing in the performance of "Some Day, Sweetheart" by Mildred Bailey and her Swing Band on Vocalion 3057 is completely different in feeling and style from his playing in the performance by the Benny Goodman Trio on Victor 25181. There is more to say on the subject; and I will return to it shortly.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

NEWS IN BOSTON

Dear Sirs: Your comment on the publicity given to the decision of the Second Circuit Court of Appeals in the Associated Press case, upholding the order of the National Labor Relations Board, is interesting but inadequate. It can be credited to the wire service that they sent the news out to the press, however inadequately, advising that the act had been upheld and that Watson's reinstatement was a constitutional mandate. You missed the major reflection on the widely acclaimed freedom of the press, however—the fact that most papers gagged the item completely.

Not a single line was printed in any Boston paper concerning the decision. After reading the New York *Times* article, I checked with a former officer of the local Newspaper Guild unit who is now with the A. P. here, and verified the fact that a wire concerning the opinion had been received here and forwarded to all their New England subscribers at 3:40 p.m. Then I called the editors of the local papers—this was Tuesday, p.m.—and asked where I could find a reference to it. Several of them denied that they had received the story, and the rest passed the buck to the night desk. Then I wrote an official letter to each editor calling their attention to the front-page position given to the adverse decision of the Fifth Circuit Court in the Jones and Laughlin case, and the gag rule applied in this instance. Only one paper saw fit to acknowledge my letter. The *Transcript,* always the gentlemen, replied that the wire had been received too late for publication on Monday and that it was no longer news on Tuesday. It is still news to readers of the Boston papers.

A. HOWARD MYERS, Acting Regional Director, First Region, National Labor Relations Board

Squantum, Mass., July 26

ABORTIONS IN THE U.S.A.

Dear Sirs: I have read with great interest *The Nation's* articles on the Soviet abortion law. As a practicing physician of many years' experience in this country, especially among persons in poor circumstances, I have learned what doctors in similar practice usually learn, that effective contraception is too costly or requires too much effort on the part of the patient to be practiced by the great mass of people. As a result, conception occurs all too frequently. A very large percentage of women, unwilling for economic or other reasons to have a child, attempt to get rid of the pregnancy as speedily as possible.

Depending upon their circumstances, the women will either go to a midwife who in the most dangerous possible technical fashion will perform the abortion for from $5 to $10, or if they can afford it, will go to a so-called "private hospital," where the abortion is performed under sterile operating-room conditions with almost complete safety for the pregnant mother, for a fee of from $100 up.

Whereas 95 per cent and perhaps more of the medical profession will not perform abortions because of the fear of possible legal consequences or for moral or ethical reasons, there is always the remaining 5 per cent available, who will do the abortion for a price. And there are very few of the "ethical" 95 per cent who will not supply their patients, provided sufficient pressure is brought to bear, with the names and fees of one or more abortionists.

Abortions have become so common that a doctor who takes careful histories of his patients and who has their confidence will find that a large proportion of his married women patients have had one or more. Of course the average of abortions is somewhat higher for urban centers than for rural communities. I should estimate that at least 100 and probably more abortions are done annually in this community of 30,000 persons. So far as I know, there are no doctors in our community who now perform abortions, although a prominent physician did them until quite recently. But there are several doctors a few miles away who will perform them for fees of from $25 to $100. Incidentally, the ethical 95 per cent will not hesitate to attempt to induce an abortion by medication. And almost any doctor will tell you of cases he knows of, where the patient has died following "careless abortion" and nothing has been done about it. The average doctor unconsciously protects the murderers in his own profession.

I therefore regret very much that Russia has gone a step backward in doing away with abortions. I believe it would be far better if abortions were legalized in America, so that they might be done openly, with proper medical precautions, and by properly trained surgeons, rather than in the unclean, dangerous, furtive, and psychologically dangerous manner in which they are being done today.

A PRACTISING PHYSICIAN

New York State, July 23

CONFLICTING OPINIONS ON JEWS AND ARABS

Dear Sirs: Many years ago Achad Ha'Am the well-known thinker warned Jews of the danger of letting the judgment of their enemies contaminate their own consciousness. It is this contamination that has caused the phenomenon of Jewish self-hatred on which the late Theodor Lessing wrote a whole book and which in its devious manifestations is daily revealed to anyone who knows the Jewish masses.

We find this Jewish self-hatred and self-deprecation and self-torture manifested again in connection with the supposed clash of interests between the Arab and the Jewish populations in Palestine. Again and again I have met Jews, younger Jews and older Jews, who were worried about the Arabs. And these Jews generally thought they belonged to leftist groups or persuasions and had no glimmering of suspicion that their leftist leanings were in part at least Jewish flight and defense mechanisms. If (like *The Nation,* for instance) you worry about the Arabs, it is evident that you are a great lover of mankind and thoroughly objective and so . . . and so . . . here comes an enormous leap, both psychological and historical, the pogromchiks of the future may forget you. Don't fret. They won't. You will be *mitgefangen, mitgehangen* and will have nothing to look back on except the fact that you have betrayed Israel.

It has been proved over and over again on strictest scientific grounds and announced and affirmed by Gentile scientists and political leaders in books, in pamphlets, in scientific reports, and on the floor of Parliament in London that the Jewish

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resettlement of Palestine has been of undivided benefit to the Arab population; that the Arab standard of living has been immensely improved, that Arab vital statistics have taken an upward turn, that Arabs instead of leaving Palestine have flocked thither to share in the work and health the Jews have brought, that only 625 Arab peasants have ever been displaced from their original holdings and that these 625 received such compensation in money and in land as was heretofore unheard of in the entire Near East, that the amazing credit balance of the present Palestinian government comes out of the pockets of Jewish tax-payers, and that nevertheless in the matter of government subsidies to education, agriculture, all other purposes, the Jewish *Yishub* receives laughable pittances and the Arab population all the rest. Finally: all during the present disorders the Arabs, many of them recent immigrants from the Hauran, have operated with brigandage, highway robbery, knifing from ambush, arson, and wanton destruction. In other words these "revolutionaries" are hoodlums. And nevertheless the Jewish population, 400,000 strong, has not permitted itself to be goaded into a single act of reprisal and has hence shown the first example in all human history of a community that is able to act according to what is supposed to be the Christian and is in fact the Jewish principle.

So far, so good. We have a fool-proof case. And we don't need it. We did not ask to be conquered and dispersed. We did not ask Titus to destroy our city and our Temple. We did not ask Hadrian to seek to exterminate us and to sell our men and women into slavery so that the price of a Jewish slave dropped on the glutted Roman markets below the price of a horse. We did not ask the church of Christ to ally itself with empire, Roman, German, Russian, and to crucify from age to age the brethren and the people of Him whom it acclaimed its Savior. By the expulsions and murders and innumerable martyrdoms we have endured through the centuries, it is our right to demand our ancient homeland as a land of peace and freedom for us of that Christendom whose sin against us is as a cancer eating out its very heart. And we would have that right had we, brutally robbed of experience in both colonization and government, committed ten thousand errors and ten thousand involuntary injustices to the existing Palestinian population. We have not done so. Our hands are clean. The Arab problem, in so far as it has any reality, is the problem of Christendom, of that world of the West which first drove us into dispersion and then made life up to this very hour intolerable for us there. And if that world does not right this central and symbolic wrong, it will go under in strife and dirt and renewed Pagan barbarism as it is already doing in the once proud and just land of the Germans.

As a matter of cold fact the Arab problem in Palestine is a farce. Arabs live quite contentedly by the side of Frenchmen and Italians and Negroes in North Africa. Even if the French empire were smashed these populations would remain. The empire of the Arabs from Gibraltar to the twin rivers is enormous. But for centuries the Arabs have shown no vestige of political ability. A bi-national British dominion or neutralized state (like Belgium) on both sides of the Jordan would, through the work of Jews, enhance the prestige of the Arabs by virtue of their very collaboration in such a state. Arab civilization, utterly stagnant for centuries, might by the inspiration of our rebirth take on some life once more. But that is not our business either. Only Jewish idealists think that far.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Bennington, Vt., July 5

Dear Sirs: Nobody recognizes more than I the inadequacy of my article in your June 3 issue on the Jews and the Arabs. I have not told the whole truth. . . . I made the statements I did about Arab nationalism after I had been six months in the country studying the temper of the people. But not content with that I took a three-week hiking trip, walking every inch of the way between Afulah and Beisan in the Valley of Esdraelon, then through the Jordan Valley to Tiberias and up to Methulah, the last point on the Syrian frontier in Galilee. I spoke to the fellaheen and Bedouins, to Jewish colonists and merchants. Everywhere I found the same thing: Arrogant confidence among the Jews that they will not only be masters of the land in the future but are already masters now. Among the Arabs I found fear, mortal apprehension of their future among the civilized invaders, hatred, a slumbering desire for revenge, and a burning nationalism. That is the reason I wrote as I did.

There was an arithmetical error in my article. The figure 375,000 for the Jewish population in Palestine is correct, but that is 30 per cent of the total population, not 40 per cent.

ALBERT VITON

Jerusalem, July 1

CONTRIBUTORS

LUIS ARAQUISTAIN is editor of *Claridad*, daily journal of the left socialists in Spain, whose trade-union leader is Francisco Largo Caballero.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG'S essay on John L. Lewis will form part of a forthcoming book of biographical essays on outstanding Americans. Two of these, on the late Huey Long and Governor Eugene Talmadge, of Georgia, have appeared in previous issues of *The Nation*.

ALFRED KLAUSLER is a missionary in the drought area, with a parish which covers some 1800 square miles of parched land. He is a graduate of Concordia Seminary, and also studied at Columbia University.

LEON TROTSKY, who needs no introduction to any one, is enabled by his long revolutionary experience and his vast knowledge of revolutionary movements to report the present situation in France from his exile in Norway with as much insight as if he were actually on the ground.

M. E. RAVAGE is *The Nation's* correspondent in Paris. He has lived abroad, principally in France, for the past eight years, and has contributed articles on foreign politics to various magazines, both American and English. His article bears out strikingly Trotsky's analysis of recent events in France.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, who has just returned from a trip to England and France, will shortly resume his dramatic criticism.

GRACE ADAMS is the author of several books on psychology—"Your Child Is Normal," "Psychology: Science or Superstition?" and "Don't Be Afraid."

LOUIS LOZOWICK was born in Russia and came to this country at the age of sixteen. His graphic commentaries on the American scene are well known to all amateurs of lithography.

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